The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* July *will be noticed in the* August *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th August, *in the* September *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is, we hear, to be the guest of the Authors' Club at dinner on the 9th of July.

It is announced that an authoritative biography of Sir Andrew Clark will be published. It may be taken for granted that the story of Sir Andrew's early struggles, one of the most remarkable known to us, will be fully given. So far as we know, no newspaper, with the exception of the *Aberdeen Free Press*, did more than hint at the actual facts.

Professor W. M. Ramsay will proceed shortly to America, where he is to deliver a course of lectures in Auburn Theological Seminary, New York, the subject being "St. Paul as a Traveller." The lectures will be published in this country by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

We understand that the sum asked for the serial rights in this country of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's story, 'The Lord Justice Clerk,' is £2,000.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's 'Jungle Book' is having the success which it undoubtedly deserves; the sales, although it was only issued towards the end of May, being already well on the way to 10,000 copies, not including either Colonial, Continental, or American editions.

'How Fear came to the Jungle,' the "beast" story by Mr. Rudyard Kipling which appeared in the first number of the new series of the *Pall Mall Budget*, is only the first of a series of four stories, of which the remaining three will probably appear some time in October next.

Mr. Kipling's new volume of poems, only a small portion of which will be 'Barrack Room Ballads,' will be published in the autumn.

Mr. Anthony Hope, whose 'Prisoner of Zenda' has been such a great success, is at present busy writing a new romance in a somewhat similar vein.

Mr. George Allen is to publish a new edition of Ruskin's 'Harbours of England,' with illustrations by Turner, a work which has been out of print since 1876. The book will be edited by Mr. Thomas J. Wise, who will supply an appropriate introduction.

Mr. Percy White, the author of 'Mr. Bailey Martin,' is hard at work upon a new novel, which he hopes to have ready this autumn, though it is possible it may not be ready till the spring. After this is off his hands, Mr. White will revise for volume issue some of the clever short stories from his pen which have been printed in the magazines. One of these, 'Abdoolah,' attracted considerable notice on its appearance in *Belgravia*, and so did 'My Friend Edith' when it saw the light in *Temple Bar*. Mr. White, in addition to holding the editorial post of *Public Opinion*, is also assistant-editor and leader-writer to the *Evening News*. 'Mr. Bailey Martin' has been very successful in America.

A new volume of short stories may soon be looked for from Mr. Frederick Wedmore.

The *Idler* will shortly publish a paper of unusual literary interest, entitled 'A Book of Beginnings,' by Mr. James Ashcroft Noble, which will tell of the history of the *Argus*, published some years ago in Manchester, and edited by Mr. Noble. Mr. William Watson, Mr. Hall Caine, and other writers who have since attained fame, were among the contributors. The paper will contain several interesting portraits.

Mr. A. H. Miles is hard at work finishing off his volume of 'Humorous Poems' to add to his anthology, 'The Poets and Poetry of the Century.' The volume will be ready in the early autumn, and will be followed by the 'Sacred Poets of the Century,' which completes the promised ten volumes of the anthology. We hear that new editions of nearly every issue have been called for.

Mr. Bret Harte has just completed a new short serial, to which he has given the title of 'Chu-chu.'

Mr. Bret Harte's new volume of short stories, to be entitled 'The Bell Ringer of Angels,' will be published here and in America in the forthcoming autumn season.

The title of Mr. Rider Haggard's new story, which commences serial publication in the *Pall Mall Magazine* in August, has been altered to 'Joan Haste.'

Mr. Stanley Weyman is to write the serial which will be the feature of *To-day* during the first six months of next year.

Mr. Edward Whymper is preparing a series of articles, to which he will also supply illustrations, for the *Graphic*.

Admirers of Lucas Malet's 'The Wages of Sin' will be glad to hear that this author has almost completed the MS. of a new novel.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus have, we hear, already subscribed the thousand copies of the new complete and

uniform edition of Stevenson's works. Indeed, they could have got rid of another 500 sets.

Mr. Outram Tristram, the dramatist, has written a historical novel. It is called 'The Dead Gallant,' and deals with the Babington Conspiracy. The story appeared originally in the *Graphic*. With it there will be included a story of the times of the Young Pretender—also from the *Graphic*. Messrs. Ward and Lock are the publishers, and Messrs. Hugh Thomson and St. George Hare the illustrators.

Dr. George MacDonald has written a new novel, somewhat in the vein of his 'Phantastes.'

Miss Adeline Sergeant, author of 'Confessions of a Penitent Soul,' has ready a new novel, entitled 'The Mistress of Quest.'

Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, 'The Manxman,' will be published by Mr. Heinemann, probably in the autumn.

Mr. Ernest Vizetelly is at work upon the translation of Zola's 'Lourdes,' which will be the next of the French novelist's works that Messrs. Chatto and Windus will issue to English readers. Mr. Vizetelly is also writing a book of his own, which he will call 'The Scorpion,' a romance of Spain.

An interesting work, shortly to be published by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen, is Horace Walpole's 'Memoirs of George the Third.' It is edited by Mr. G. F. R. Barker, is in four volumes, and illustrated by numerous photogravures.

We hear that Miss Frances Willard, who sailed for America on June 13th, will publish in England and America, simultaneously, her autobiography, which she has been contributing to the *Woman's Signal*. The book, which is to appear in the autumn, will probably bear the name of 'My Happy Half Century,' she being now just fifty years of age.

Miss Nora Vynne's collection of short stories, 'Honey of Aloes, and other Tales,' with which she is to follow up the success she achieved with 'The Blind Musician's Picture,' will be ready in a few weeks.

Miss Mary Gaunt, whose Australian story, 'Dave's Sweetheart,' attracted very considerable attention, having been most favourably reviewed, has ready for publication a volume of short stories, most of which have already appeared in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. They are strong, picturesque, and graphically told stories, somewhat in the manner of Mr. Bret Harte.

Miss Beatrice Harraden intends to finish her new novel before she leaves America. She wrote the first twelve chapters in England before her departure, but upon reading them over again in America she felt dissatisfied, and has begun her book over again from the beginning. She is a slow worker, being unable to write for more than twenty minutes or half-an-hour at a stretch. She had the offer of fifty dollars for an article of fifteen hundred words for a well-known American paper, but was obliged to refuse it on account of the condition being that it was to be finished upon the day it was ordered.

Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish immediately Captain Horace Hayes's new book, 'Among Men and Horses.' Many of the illustrations are reproductions from photographs taken by the author.

We are informed that arrangements have been made to improve the printing of the *Idler*. In this department this popular monthly has been considerably behind the *Strand* and others of a similar class.

The publication of the new Irish monthly, the *Old Country*, which the Rev. Frederick Longbridge was to edit, has been postponed, chiefly on account of the editor's illness.

Mr. Stacey Marks's Reminiscences will be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus in the autumn, under the title of 'Pen and Pencil Memories.' The work will be in two volumes, and will contain a large number of drawings by the author.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish immediately a sixpenny edition of 'The Woman in White,' which will be uniform with the works of Charles Reade lately issued by them.

The committee of the Reform Club have reprinted in pamphlet form the short history of the Club and its library from the new edition of the catalogue. The Club, like the Athenæum, made the formation of an extensive and well-planned library conspicuous in its programme from the first. From the time when Mr. Panizzi, of the British Museum, and Mr. Vardon, the librarian of the House of Commons, were called in, in 1841, to give advice on the library scheme, the collection of books, especially on political and kindred subjects, has been a matter of serious care. The committee report that the normal rate of growth is 1,000 volumes annually, and that the donations during each year amount generally to about 100 volumes. Since the election of a library committee in 1852, 38,800 books have been added.

Mr. Henry Herman has ready for publication a new novel to which he has given the title of 'The Golden Scytheman.' He has lately been ill, suffering from an affection of the eyes, and his general health has also been impaired.

Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden will publish almost immediately Mr. Herman's new novel, 'Woman: The Mystery. A Romance of Three Revolutions,' which has been running in *Pearson's Weekly*. Mr. George Hutchinson is to supply the illustrations.

The same publishers will issue almost immediately a novel entitled 'In Strange Company,' descriptive of some very extraordinary adventures in the South Seas and Chili. The author is Mr. Guy Boothby, whose volume, 'On the Wallaby,' has recently been issued by Messrs. Longmans and Co. The illustrations to 'In Strange Company' have been supplied by Mr. Stanley Wood.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett is a popular writer in America, but little known in England. His last novel, however, 'The New Nero,' of which a very large edition was published in England, was sold out almost immediately, and a large second edition is nearly ready. A new novel of his, 'Her

Fair Fame,' is to appear in England in the late summer or early autumn.

Mr. M. McD. Bodkin, whose first volume of stories, 'Poteen Punch,' won a hearty tribute from Oliver Wendell Holmes, and whose second, 'Pat-o'-Nine-Tales,' is being cordially received in England, is one of the younger members of the Irish Parliamentary Party, and a lively and caustic speaker. He is an Irish barrister, but was better known for many years as a journalist. More than ten years ago he began to be an active figure in Dublin circles. He was a colleague of Mr. William O'Brien's on *United Ireland*, and for some time its acting editor. When the paper was seized by Mr. Parnell in 1890 he started a journal called *Insuppressible*, which, however, had a brief career.

Though in the midst of stormy Irish political elements, Mr. Bodkin turned out a large number of humorous stories for the Dublin weekly papers from time to time, and also wrote a novel which had Lord Edward Fitzgerald for its hero. Several noticeable poems have appeared over his *nom-de-plume* of "Crom Aboo" (this was the war-cry of the Geraldines). He is now the Parliamentary correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal*.

Mr. Sala's 'Echoes of the Week' will, on and after the 30th of June next, be managed by Messrs. A. P. Watt and Son, the well-known literary agents.

Mr. Wise's 'Complete Bibliography of the Writings of John Ruskin' is to be followed by a similar bibliography of the works of Robert Browning. The book is in a forward state, and will shortly be placed in the printers' hands. It will be issued in parts to private subscribers only. The number of copies printed will probably be limited to one hundred.

There seems to be no end to the demand amongst collectors for Thackeray's 'Flore et Zephyr, Ballet Mythologique, par Théophile Wagstaff.' Three copies have been sold recently at ever-increasing prices, the third, as we noted last month, having realised £99—as yet the record figure. A fourth example was included in the Burgess sale, and although it was a "used" copy, washed throughout, and with trimmed edges, it brought £96. At this rate a fine uncut specimen in original state might be expected to command something like £120.

The supreme importance of considering the question of *condition* in estimating the value of rare books was again emphasised very clearly in the recent Burgess sale. The average state of the books included in that collection was poor, and prices accordingly ruled low. But here and there a fine copy was to be found, and the difference in price was at once remarked. For instance, a copy of 'Pickwick,' each of the twenty numbers being of the earliest issue, sold for £34; whilst another copy only produced £4 17s. 6d., although it was quite uncut, had all the wrappers, and was additionally illustrated. The same happened in the case of 'Master Humphrey's Clock,' one example in the original parts selling for £5 5s.; whilst for another equally fine uncut copy, but bound in calf by Riviere, only 42s. was given. It is likely that this difference in value between copies of the same book will become even more pronounced, as collectors more generally perceive how unwise it is to buy the first that chances to offer; the *best* should be secured—or none.

The Society of Archivists is about to issue part 3 of its 'Reference Catalogue of British and Foreign Autographs and Manuscripts.' The subject is 'The Autograph of Charles Dickens,' by the editor, Mr. Thomas J. Wise. Fac-similes (produced by the chromo-collotype process) are given of letters written by Dickens at different periods of his life, as well as reproductions of some of the out-of-the-way signatures which he so frequently affected.

RECENT BOOK SALES.

During the past month Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge have conducted two sales which certainly rank among the most important of the present season. The first consisted of the library of the late Mr. Frederick Burgess, of Burgess Hall, Finchley; the second comprised a selection of books from the collection of Mr. Birket Forster, to which were added others drawn from various quarters. The catalogue of the Burgess sale contained nearly complete sets of first editions of the works of Dickens, Ruskin, and Thackeray, and the result gives a fairly good idea of the current value of these books. But the average condition of the volumes was extremely poor, especially the lots catalogued under the head of "Ruskin," and at least thirty or forty per cent. must be added to the prices obtained in order to arrive at an approximate notion of the value of similar books in sound "collector's" state.

Dickens (Charles). Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi, edited by "Boz," 2 vol., first edition, 1838, portrait and illustrations by G. Cruikshank, additionally illustrated with 18 coloured portraits and plates, a Notice of Grimaldi's Last Appearance, etc., the backs of the original cloth covers inserted, calf extra, uncut, t. e. g. by Tout. £8.
[This book was in the *second* state, the plate of "The Last Song" having the border of pantomimic figures.]

Dickens (Charles). Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby. First edition, 1839, with a series of additional illustrations inserted, but all the plates washed throughout, calf by Riviere, uncut. £2 14s.

Dickens (Charles). Master Humphrey's Clock, first edition, 1840 to 1841, 3 vols., uncut in the 20 monthly parts with all the wrappers. £5 5s.

Dickens (Charles). Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit, first edition, illustrations by Phiz, washed throughout, but otherwise a fine copy, bound from the original nos. with the pictorial portions of the wrappers inserted, 1844, calf extra, uncut, t.e. g. by Riviere and Son. £3 5s.
[With the transposed £ in the reward, on the engraved title, proving it to be a copy of the first issue. Another copy in the 20 parts with all the wrappers sold for £5.]

Dickens (Charles). The Personal History of David Copperfield, first edition, 1850, plates washed, otherwise a good copy. Bound in calf by Riviere, uncut, with specimen wrappers inserted. £2 10s.

Dickens (Charles). A Tale of Two Cities, first edition, 1859. A poor copy, but uncut. Bound in calf by Riviere, with specimen wrapper inserted. £2 5s.
[This is one of the scarcest of the first editions of Dickens' novels, and is worth £10 or £12 when clean in the original numbers.]

Dickens (Charles). Great Expectations, 3 vol., 1861, with the series of illustrations by Pailthorpe, coloured, and the original cloth covers inserted, calf extra, uncut, t. e. g. by Riviere and Son. £6 10s.

Dickens (Charles). John Jasper's Secret, a Sequel to Edwin Drood, 1872. Twenty illustrations, bound from the parts, the pictorial sides of the wrappers inserted, calf extra, uncut, t. e. g. £2.
["John Jasper's Secret" is one of the scarcer, as well as one of the most successful, of the half-dozen attempted "Sequels" to "Edwin Drood."]

Dickens (Charles). The Village Coquettes: a Comic Opera in Two Acts, the Music by J. Hullah, First Edition, 1836. Red morocco extra, g. e. by Zaehnsdorf. £6 10.
[This book used to command £30, but four years since a considerable "remainder" was discovered, and the value has naturally declined in consequence.]

Dickens (Charles). Sunday under Three Heads, As it is; as Sabbath Bills would make it; as it might be made, by Timothy Sparks, first edition, illustrations by H. K. Browne, 1836. Red morocco extra, t. e. g. by Riviere. £2 15s.
[Although bound with t. e. g., and described as "uncut," the book was in reality considerably trimmed; hence the comparatively low price. A fine uncut copy in original pink wrappers is worth £10.]

Dickens (Charles). Sketches by "Boz," first demy 8vo edition, 1839. Forty illustrations by G. Cruikshank. A very fine copy, in the original 20 nos., with the pictorial wrappers designed by G. C. Enclosed in a green morocco drop case. £19.

Dickens (Charles). Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club. First edition, 1837. An exceedingly fine copy, uncut in the original 20 numbers with all the wrappers clean and intact. Enclosed in a green morocco drop case. £34.

[This was one of the finest copies of Pickwick that have occurred for sale for a considerable time. Each part was of the earliest issue, and each bore date 1836 upon its covers. Parts 2, 3, 10, 15, 17, 18 and 20 contained the various "Addresses" issued by author or publisher. The book cost Mr. Burgess £28.]

Dickens (Charles). The Strange Gentleman, a Comic Burletta, in Two Acts, by "Boz," original edition, frontispiece by Phiz, 1837. Olive green morocco super extra, t. e. g. by Riviere and Son. £38.

[This is one of the first editions of Dickens which has increased in value immensely during recent years. In 1882 the price of a good copy was £12 12s. For the present example Mr. Burgess paid £22 not very long ago.]

Garrick (D.). Memoirs of the Life of, interspersed with Characters and Anecdotes of his Theatrical Contemporaries, etc., by T. Davies, 2 vol. portrait, 1784. Illustrated with upwards of 150 portraits, character scenes, etc., also autograph letters of D. Garrick, G. Colman, J. Henderson, Mrs. Abington, T. Davies, etc. Olive green morocco, silk linings, g. e. by Riviere. £16 10s.

Hunt (Leigh). Ultra-Crepidarius; a Satire on William Gifford, 8vo, 1823. Uncut in the original wrappers, but damaged, and part of the front cover missing. £4 6s.

[This is one of the two scarcest of the first editions of the writings of Leigh Hunt. The present copy—which was originally picked up for One Shilling, and sold to Mr. Burgess for £5—is the first that has been sold by auction for many years. A fine one in perfect condition would bring 7 or 8 guineas.]

Hunt (Leigh). Christianism; or Belief and Unbelief reconciled. First edition, privately printed, 1832. A poor copy, badly cut down, in a cheap calf binding, £3 3s.

["Christianism" is the second of the Leigh Hunt rarities. The only other copy sold by auction in recent years realised £8 5s. in April, 1892. A perfect example would bring as much to-day. In 1853 the work was entirely re-written, and published under the title of "The Religion of the Heart."]

Lamb (C.). Mrs. Leicester's School: or, the History of several Young Ladies, related by Themselves, first edition, 1809. Front, calf extra, by Riviere, small copy, £5 10s.

Lamb (C.). Elia, both series, 2 vol., 1823-33. First collected edition, morocco extra, uncut, t. e. g. by R. de Coverly. £13 5s.

Ruskin (John). Modern Painters and Stones of Venice, 8 vols., all first editions except vols. 1 and 2 of the "Painters" Uncut in the original cloth, but covers worn, and plates more or less foxed. £20.

Ruskin (John). The King of the Golden River. First edition, 1851, in a cheap calf binding, £2.

[This was more than the book was worth. It was a miserable copy, very dirty, cut nearly to the types, and with the frontispiece mounted on thick paper. The last example in perfect condition sold for £10.

Thackeray (W. M.). Paris Sketch Book: by Mr. Titmarsh, 2 vol., 1840. First edition, with numerous designs by the author, on copper and wood, calf extra, uncut. £6 10s.

Thackeray. Second Funeral of Napoleon: in Three Letters to Miss Smith of London, And the Chronicle of the Drum, by Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, 1841, plates, with the original cover bearing an etching of Napoleon inserted. A fair copy, but much cut down. £14.

Thackeray. Vanity Fair: A Novel without a Hero, 1848, first edition, illustrations on steel and wood by the author, a specimen of the pictorial cover bound up, calf extra, uncut, t. e. g. £4 10s.

[This copy contained the woodcut of the Marquis of Steyne, which was suppressed before many copies of the book had been issued.]

Thackeray. Flore et Zephyr, Ballet Mythologique, par Théophile Wagstaff, 4to, J. Mitchell, 1836, illustrated cover and 8 humorous plates drawn by Thackeray, and signed by the pseudonym of "Théophile Wagstaff." Morocco super extra, washed throughout, and edges trimmed. £96.

The following are the principal items in Mr. Birket Foster's collection:—

Allot (R.). England's Parnassus: or, The Choysest Flowers of our Moderne Poets. 1600. In old russia, cut close, with several leaves wormed. £12.

Booke (The) of the Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacramentes, and other rites and ceremonies of the Churche: after the use of the Churche of England. The first book of Edward VIth. Imprinted at London by Edward Whitchurche, the XVI daye of June, 1549. Black letter, the title and three leaves of calendar in facsimile, and several leaves mended, brown morocco extra, g. e. £90.

Froyssart (Sir Johan). Cronycles of Englande, Fraunce, Spayne, Portyngale, Scotlande, Bretayne, Flaunders, and other Places adjoynge, translated by Johan Bouchier, Lorde Berners. G. W. Myddylton and R. Pynson, 1525. 2 vols. in 1, black letter, first title and one leaf repaired, also a few leaves slightly wormed, otherwise a good copy, red morocco extra, g. e. by F. Bedford. £35.

Herrick (Robert). Hesperides: or, Works, both Humane and Divine. 8vo, 1648. A fine copy, with good impression of the portrait by Marshall. In morocco by Murton, g. e. £33.

[The first edition of Herrick's 'Hesperides' is one of the rarest pieces in seventeenth-century literature.]

Milton (John). Lycophronis Alexandra, original calf, wormed. Small folio. Genevæ, 1601. £90.

[John Milton's copy, with his autograph and 1634 on fly-leaf, and numerous marginal MS. notes in the great Poet's hand-writing. A most interesting volume, accompanied with a long MS. note by Lord Charlemont, respecting the price Milton paid for it, etc. It was sold at Lord Charlemont's sale for £60. Noticed by Mr. S. Leigh Sotheby in his 'Ramblings in the Elucidation of Milton's Autograph.']

Shakespeare (William). Poems. The first collected edition, 18mo, 1640. A poor copy, badly cut, and with the portrait by Marshall inlaid. £40.

[Mr. Gaisford's copy, a sound one, sold for £52.]

Shakespeare (William). Excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Jew towards the saide Merchant. 4to. Printed by J. Roberts, 1600. Fair copy, a small hole in one leaf. Bound in red morocco extra, gaufered edges, £146.

[Of this play it is uncertain which is the real *editio princeps*. Two editions were published in 1600, the present, and another "printed by J. R. for Thomas Heyes." A copy of the latter issue sold for £99 15s. in G. Daniel's sale.]

Shakespeare (W.). His True Chronicle History of the Life and Death of King Lear, and his three Daughters. 4to. Printed for Nathaniel Butler, 1608. Headlines of one leaf cut into, otherwise a good copy, green morocco extra, g. e. by C. Lewis. £100.

[G Daniel's copy, and sold at his sale for £29 8s]

Shakespeare (William). A Midsummer Night's Dream. First edition. Printed by James Roberts, 1600. A first-rate copy in old morocco. £122.

[Two editions of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' were issued in 1600, one printed by Thomas Fisher, and the other by James Roberts. It is still an unsettled question which of the two is the actual *editio princeps*.

Shakespeare (William). Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, published according to the True Originall Copies, first edition. London, printed by Isaac Jaggard and Ed. Blount, 1623. 12½ by 8 inches, red morocco extra, g. e. by F. Bedford. £255.

[Verses for the most part in facsimile, the title and first two preliminary leaves very neatly mended, and small portions added in facsimile, the last two leaves similarly treated, otherwise a sound and good copy.]

Shakespeare (W.). Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, published according to the true Original Copies, the second impression. London, printed by Tho. Cotes, for Robert Allot, 1632. 12$\frac{7}{8}$ by 8$\frac{1}{8}$, red morocco extra, g. e. by F. Bedford. £56.

[Fine copy, with genuine verses, and title with portrait by Droeshout. The margins of two or three leaves at the end skilfully restored.]

Shakespeare (W.). Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, the third impression, and unto this impression is added seven Playes never before printed in folio. London, printed for P. C., 1664. 12¾ by 8 inches, red morocco extra, g. e. by F. Bedford. £130.

[The leaf containing the portrait and verses had the margins restored, otherwise a good sound copy. This, the third, is by far the rarest of the four Shakespeare folios.]

Shakespeare (W.) Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, unto which is added seven Plays never before printed in folio, the fourth edition, 14 by 8$\frac{3}{4}$ inches, red morocco extra, g. e. by F. Bedford £25.

Sidney (Sir P.). The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia, written by Sir Philippe Sidnei, sm. 4to, William Ponsonbie, 1590. First edition, first leaf of dedication repaired, the second leaf in facsimile. Olive-green morocco, super extra, gold tooled borders, g. e. by W. Pratt. £26.

Spenser (E.). Complaints. Containing sundrie small Poemes of the World's Vanitie, first edition. 4to. William Ponsonbie, 1591. Title within woodcut border, a remarkably fine copy, red morocco extra, g. e. by C. Lewis, very rare. £40.

[The Gaisford copy sold for £20 10s. in 1890.]

Tennyson (Alfred). Poems by Two Brothers. Small paper copy, clean and uncut in the original boards, with white paper back-label 8vo. Louth: J. and J. Jackson, 1827. £16 10s.

Turner (J. M. W.). Liber Studiorum. A complete set of 71 plates, all in good condition, with full margins. Many of the plates were in early states, some being "touched proofs." Bound in an oblong folio volume, green morocco, g. e. £100.

Walton (Izaak). Compleat Angler, or, the Contemplative Man's Recreation, being a Discourse on Fish and Fishing, not unworthy the perusal of most Anglers. First edition, but in the poorest possible condition, the leaves being mounted on guards throughout. 16mo, 1653. £150. This sum represents about half the value of a copy in proper condition.

Among a number of books from various sources included in the same sale were the following highly important Manuscripts, the property of the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, of Abbotsford.

Scott (Sir Walter). Anne of Geierstein, or, the Maiden of the Mist, the original autograph manuscript of the entire work, in the author's usual small handwriting, on about 265 post 4to. leaves. The whole of this most interesting and important MS. is in remarkably fine preservation, strongly bound in a quarto volume, russia, 1829. £300.

[At the commencement was the following note: "This, the Original Manuscript of Anne of Geierstein, I received as a gift from Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, on 9th April, 1831, Robt. Cadell, 1834."]

Scott (Sir Walter). Waverley; or, 'tis Sixty Years Since, the original

autograph manuscript of the Opening Chapters, 14 leaves folio—Ivanhoe, original manuscript of a portion of the work, on 58 leaves post 4to. [The greater part of Ivanhoe was dictated by the author, this fragment is all, or nearly all, that he wrote himself.]—Bridal of Triermain, Canto III., partly in the handwriting of Scott—Contributions to the Scots' Magazine and other Fragments; together nearly 150 leaves, in a quarto vol., russia. £215. [The buyers' names were not given by the auctioneers, and it is possible the manuscripts were bought in. If actually sold the prices were exceedingly moderate, as last year the MSS. of the 'Life of Napoleon' and 'Life of Swift' were sold for £207 18s. and £230 respectively.]

T. J. WISE.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

MAY 21 TO JUNE 16, 1894.

Trade is quiet, very quiet. It has dropped to summer level. The unsettled weather of the past month is probably to some extent answerable for this, as it has checked the movements of tourists, and in turn the sale of tourists' guide-books and maps. These latter form an important item in the trade at this season.

Notwithstanding the large output of literature of all kinds, several of the standard classics continue to be as popular as ever. Not a month passes without the new issue or reissue of an edition of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.' (Dr. Whyte's lectures on the various characters pourtrayed by the "immortal dreamer" are selling freely. A second series of these lectures has lately been issued). Chaucer also claims a considerable amount of attention, a second volume of the complete works by W. W. Skeat having just appeared.

Detective stories (more or less truthful) have of late years found a very ready sale. At the time of writing, Dick Donovan appears to be the favourite author of this class.

Stamp-collecting is benefiting the bookseller by the steady and ever-increasing demand for postage-stamp and post-card albums. The trade find them a very saleable stock, which are obtainable through the wholesale on very favourable terms.

The 2s. 6d. editions of Black, Blackmore, Macdonald, and especially of Hardy, are still in good favour with the more serious-minded public, but are scarcely relished by the devourer of the "modern novel."

The annual issue of the Education Code is followed closely by the publication of annotated editions at 1s., and the gross sales are large.

Macmillan's latest additions to their 3s. 6d. series include several by Mrs. Oliphant, which are in good request.

The neat square volumes of the 'Temple' Shakespeare are still great favourites with appreciative bookbuyers.

The keen competition for government situations and the consequent severity of the examinations have called into existence special sets of text books. In order to keep pace with the requirements of the different papers set, new editions of these text books are frequently issued. This makes them a somewhat risky stock to keep, but the bookseller can always be sure of the last edition, by ordering from a good wholesale house, as required, and thus avoid the danger of having on sale an out-of-date work. Skerry's Civil Service Competition Series is leading, followed by Johnston's Text Books, and Lockwood's Civil Service Series.

Great assistance is now given to the classical students at our educational establishments in the shape of annotated editions of the various authors. One remembers the time when a boy used Teubner's bare text, with a 'Smaller Latin Dictionary as his only assistant. White's Grammar School Texts, the Pitt Press Series, and Cambridge Texts with Notes are much enquired for under this head.

A leading daily paper appropriated some of the information contained in the report published in the June issue. This is gratifying as showing its due appreciation, but it would have been more so if its source had been acknowledged.

A few books of travel have appeared, and have been well received. Especially is this the case with Captain Bower's journey across Tibet.

Appended is a list of the best selling publications.

The question of the quality of work with which the public are satisfied must be left to the critic. One's duty in this column is to state facts only. 'The Heavenly Twins' and 'Ships that Pass,' though slightly falling off, are still going well:—

Jungle Book (The). By Rudyard Kipling. 6s.
Heavenly Twins (The). By Sarah Grand. 6s.
Barabbas. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
Yellow Aster (The). By Iota. 6s.
Esther Waters. By George Moore. 6s.
To Right the Wrong. By Edna Lyall. 6s.
Raiders (The). By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
Beginner (A). By Rhoda Broughton. 6s.
Pembroke. By M. E. Wilkins. 6s.
Ships that Pass in the Night. By B. Harraden. 3s. 6d.
Prisoner (The) of Zenda. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.
Tom Sawyer Abroad. By Mark Twain. 3s. 6d.
Fifty Years of my Life. By Sir J. D. Astley. 30s.
Social Evolution. By B. Kidd. 10s. net.
Diary of a Journey across Tibet. By Capt. H. Bower. 16s.
Garden (The) that I Love. By A. Austin. 9s.
Riding Recollections. By H. Custance. 2s. 6d.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
May 26.—A fair week, and pretty even throughout. Colonial and foreign markets quiet, but India much better.
June 2.—Not quite as good as the last, finishing very light. Colonies, etc., about the same, with improvement in West Indies.
June 9.—Opened a little better, but finished light; on the whole an unsatisfactory week. Colonial and foreign unchanged, India improving.
June 16.—Trade has now reached the summer level, and a very low level it is this year. An improvement is longed for. Foreign and colonial generally quiet.

POETRY.

LOOKING AFTER.

This is the path by which you went,
Past yon pool like the earth's clear eye
Holding, as mine held you, the sky
Deep in the fading bent;

Then by the lone ravine where run
Slender stems by the river side,
Carrying the sunshine till you died
Into the west as one.

Still the rapt birch-trees seem to wend
After you into distance blue,
Bound in a silver dream of you
Until the world's end.

And the green moss that held the spring
Spread in a foot-cloth on your way,
Lines one dim alley since that day
For my soul following.

SARAH ROBERTSON MATHESON.

NEW WRITERS.

MR. WALTER RAYMOND.

MR. RAYMOND, in choosing the pseudonym of "Tom Cobbleigh" under which to veil the authorship of 'Gentleman Upcott's Daughter,' according to the conditions of the series in which it appeared, chose a name very suggestive to all West Country folks. For "Tom Cobbleigh" is a kind of personification of Somerset; and circumstances, talents, and interest, point inevitably to Mr. Raymond's field of work in fiction. He is "real Zummerzet."

His family were already established at the old town of Ilchester in the fifteenth century. For two hundred years before his grandfather came to Yeovil, his ancestors were yeomen in the villages of Camel, Rimpton, and Marston, and in 'Gentleman Upcott's Daughter' he peopled the old homesteads there with the creatures of his imagination. Mr. Raymond was born at Yeovil, where he succeeded his father as a glove manufacturer. The gloves were formerly sewn in the cottages in the surrounding villages, and in his contact with this cottage industry he found considerable opportunities for the study of rural life and character which has always interested him. As a child he imitated the dialect, and his knowledge of it he has turned to account besides in his stories. Its close resemblance to the Dorsetshire dialect made the language and poetry of the neighbouring county familiar to him, and his recitals of Barnes's poems met with great success. After a recital in Dorchester, Mr. Raymond received a kind and appreciative letter from Mr. Thomas Hardy.

MR. WALTER RAYMOND.

His first book, 'Misterton's Mistake,' appeared first in serial form in a local paper, and was afterwards published in London in 1888. It received a fair share of praise without attracting particular attention. Mr. Raymond has, indeed, never suffered much from delays and rejections. His next novel, 'Taken at His Word,' was readily accepted and published by Messrs. Bentley, in May, 1892, but the stir of the dissolution and general election taking place just at the time of its publication, it received very little notice. He had previously written 'Gentleman Upcott's Daughter.' Messrs. Bentley read the MS., and, although they refused it on the ground that a book of the size was unmarketable, they wrote a kind and encouraging letter which Mr. Raymond acknowledges as a great kindness to an unknown writer. He put the MS. aside for a time and wrote the longer story. But 'Gentleman Upcott's Daughter' finding its way to Mr. Fisher Unwin's Pseudonym Library, was immediately successful on its publication in May, 1892. A few months later he received a commission from the *Illustrated London News* to write a serial story of the same length. This story, which appeared in the end of last year, is 'Young Sam and Sabina,' just published in the Pseudonym Library, and reviewed in the present number of THE BOOKMAN.

'Love and Quiet Life: Somersetshire Idylls,' now appearing in *The British Weekly*, and shortly to be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, completes his literary record up to the present moment, but Mr. Raymond's enthusiasm for his neighbourhood, and the material he has collected in the shape of old traditions and personal observations of nature (for he is an out-of-doors man) and human nature will stand a long strain. He is only at the beginning of the series which should establish him as the picturesque historian of his county.

THE READER.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

III.—FROM HER ARRIVAL IN FRANCE TO HER MARRIAGE WITH THE DAUPHIN.

THE royal galley carried Mary to Brittany, two ports of which are named as that at which she arrived. Such writers as Lesley, Herries, Conæus, Jebb, Chalmers, Labanoff, Migne, and Hill Burton, agree that she landed at Brest; while others, including Dargaud, Francisque-Michel, Petit, Skelton, and Stevenson, are satisfied that it was at Roscoff. No blame for the dubiety must be laid on Mary.

Father Stevenson cites a writer in the *Tablet* as saying that "her foot was traced on the rock, and above it was raised the little Gothic chapel," which she founded in 1548—the very year of her arrival—to mark the spot. As Dargaud calls the port of Roscoff a harbour of pirates and smugglers, the childish piety, which thought of a memorial chapel there, may have been moved by the condition of the people as well as by personal gratitude.

According to Sir James Balfour, Mary was accompanied by a large retinue. After mentioning three by name, he says there were also "twelve young ladeyes and 200 gentlemen and servants." Bishop Lesley, writing much earlier, is less explicit as to the numbers, but infinitely more interesting in his details. Besides the Lord-Keepers (Erskine and Livingstone) and Lady Fleming, there were, he says, "sindre gentilwemen and nobill mennis sonnes and dochteris, almoist of hir awin aige." Of these "thair wes four in speciall, of whome everie one of thame buir the samin name of Marie, being of four syndre honorable houses, to wyt, Fleming, Levingstoun, Setoun and Betoun of Creich." This is his first reference to the four Maries. He immediately adds, they "remanit all foure with the Quene in France, during her residens thair, and returned agane in Scotlande with her Majestie" in 1561.

Before dealing with the details of Mary's life in France, it may be well to glance for a moment at some general statements regarding her sojourn there. According to Sir Henry Ellis, "after passing a few days at Court, she was conveyed to a nunnery for education, and there remained till the time of her marriage with the Dauphin." Causin, in his 'Histoire de l'incomparable Reyne Marie Stuart,' states that she was "brought into France at the age of five years, and reared in the Court of Henry II. and of Catharine de Medicis, who loved her entirely (*uniquement*)." Father Stevenson says: "It may be enough to state, once for all, that Catharine [de Medicis] had no share in Mary's education. During the whole reign of Henry the Second, the influence of his wife in the Court of France was at the lowest; she had a very special dislike to Mary, whose company she avoided as much as possible, and at the last succeeded in driving her back to the home of her birth from the home of her adoption." Miss Benger alleges that "it was in Henry's Court that Mary Stuart was educated." Petit affirms that "in the midst of that cheerful and lettered Court, Mary acquired those bewitching airs and enticing manners which were in later years to lead to such grievous woes." Lamartine says:—"In the refined and voluptuous Court of the Valois, governed by a favourite, she was brought up rather as an accomplished court lady than as a future Queen; and her education rather seemed to fit her for becoming the mistress than the wife of the Dauphin." Mr. Skelton avers that "it was the child's holiday time only that was spent at Court. During the rest of the year she lived in strict seclusion with her maternal grandmother, Antoinette de Bourbon, the wife of Claude, Duke of Guise." Amid such diversity of statement, who or what is the average reader to believe?

Mary and her retinue remained at Brest, so Lesley relates, until "thay wer refreshed eftir the soir travell on the seyis." Thereafter she "was convoyed verrey princelie, with gret companeis of nobill men, . . . to the Kingis palice callit Sainct Germain in Laye," where she was received with great rejoicing. She "was appointit to remane thair in company with the Kingis awin childrein," as the King and Queen themselves were travelling all that year through the frontiers. Soon after her arrival, continues Lesley, an honourable train and household, "alsweill of the lordis, ladeis, as gentillmen quha come with the Quene furth of Scotland," were appointed with liberal allowances to remain with her; and this order was kept until her mother came to France, at which time Lord Livingstone died, and Lord Erskine and Lady Fleming returned to Scotland; and thenceforth "the maist pairt of her companie wes appointed to be Frenchmen." Sir John Masone informed the English Council that the French King had tarnished the virtue of Lady Fleming—Mary's "aunt," as Sir James Balfour calls her—"Mary's Scotch governess," as Miss Strickland styles her.

In the March following the young Queen's departure from Scotland, Sir John Luttrell wrote from Broughty Ferry to Somerset, that he had heard that she was dead, but was now assured that she was alive, and had lately recovered from the measles. In the same month, Luttrell and Thomas Watson received instructions to confer with Argyll and other Scotch nobles for her return from France, and her marriage with Edward—a project which the English were loath to relinquish. In January, 1549-50, the Commissioners, appointed by Edward to treat with the French concerning peace, were instructed to demand, in recompense for Boulogne, that the treaties made between Henry the Eighth and the Scots should be fulfilled, and the young Scottish Queen delivered, that the marriage then covenanted might be performed. In May, 1551, the Marquis of Northampton and the other Commissioners to France were ordered to demand the Queen of Scots in marriage with the King of England, and, in the event of that being refused, to solicit the hand of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the French monarch. The application for Mary's hand was declined, on the ground that she was affianced to the Dauphin; and, in July, the marriage with Elizabeth was agreed to. Yet Lesley alleges—and his statement is adopted by Keith, Chalmers, Hosack, and Petit—that as the Queen Dowager passed through England, next November, on her way back to Scotland, Edward pressed her "in most effecteous maner," to persuade the French King to break off the marriage between her daughter and the Dauphin, in order that "he mycht marie hir, according to the first appointment."

Mary of Guise had, as Lesley owns, various reasons for going to France in 1550. She wished to congratulate and rejoice with the King and her friends there, that Scotland was not only likely to continue on good terms with its old ally, but "also now it mycht be maide moir subject and bound unto thame, yea, as a province joynit unto France be mariage, as Britangze and Normoundie ar subject at this present." She wished also to see her daughter; but her chief reason was "to prepair and fynd all moyens" by which she might herself become Regent of Scotland—a desire which was ultimately realised in 1554. In Green's 'Short History' it is said that she became Regent of the realm at the death of James the Fifth! She sailed for France, not in May, as Father Stevenson states, but in September, reaching Rouen on the 25th.

Seven months after the Queen Dowager's arrival in France, a plot was discovered to poison her daughter. Father Stevenson is uncharitable enough to "suspect that the English Government had a guilty knowledge of this hideous plot from the beginning." His reasons for entertaining such a hideous suspicion are weak enough. "On January 28th, 1551, the Council," he says, "introduced to Sir John Mason, their ambassador in France, as secret agent, 'one that Balneys (Balneaves), the Scot, hath councilled to be in France.' They also gave him £10 towards his expenses. The connection of this anonymous Scot with Balneaves—a person so closely associated with the murder of Cardinal Beaton—excites our suspicion, and all the more so when we find that the letter of introduction referred to above—innocent as it looks—was written in cipher." But this secret agent bearing the Council's letter did not arrive until the 24th of February. "He took not so much leisure in his journey hitherward," says Masone to the Council, "as he seemed desirous to make haste to return again." Afraid of his personal safety, he next evening brought Kirkcaldy of Grange, who promised to communicate to Masone all that he could learn. Apparently this anonymous agent had not courage enough to serve as a spy, far less to undertake the much more hazardous enterprise of poisoning a queen. His connection with Balneaves need not excite suspicion; for, although that senator took refuge in St. Andrew's Castle some months after Beaton's assassination, there is nothing to show that he was "closely associated with the murder;" and even though there had been, it would not follow that he would approve the murder of an innocent child. That the project "was known to the English Ambassador is proved," the same writer says, "by the Calendar of State Papers, Foreign, 1551, April 29, June 6 and 9." It would be quite as relevant to say that it is now known to Father Stevenson himself, as his own book proves; for the items, in the 'Calendar' referred to, only show that the English Ambassadors knew of the plot after it was discovered. Robert Stuart, the would-be poisoner, passed into the hands of the French officials, and as Father Stevenson unwillingly admits, was lodged by them in the Castle of Angers on the 5th of June, 1551. "I cannot but observe, however," he adds, "that Mason was at Angers on June 6, the day of Stuart's arrival there, and that he left on the following day." But, as he had previously stated, Stuart arrived at Angers on the 5th of June—not the 6th; and it was the French king, not Masone, who left on the following day. If therefore there is anything suspicious in the proximity of the departure, the suspicion attaches to Henry the Second, not to the English Ambassador, who simply followed His Majesty to Chateaubriand. Bishop Lesley unhesitatingly says, that, for this plot, Stuart was tortured, hanged and quartered. But Father Stevenson—while stating, that, after the said 5th of June, "he disappears, how, we know not,"—traces for him a later and murderous career.

Writing as if Mary had been trained on the division-of-labour principle, Father Stevenson says that her "moral and religious education was placed" in the hands of her maternal grandmother; that in "temporal matters" the influence which chiefly served to form her character was exercised by her uncles—the Duke of Guise and Charles the Cardinal of Lorraine; that, as long as she resided with the royal children in the French Court, "she was instructed by their masters and shared in their studies"; and that the "accomplished dancing master," who taught her and the Dauphin, was fortunately "a good Christian." With her talents thus cultivated, she was able to write "elegant and harmonious" verses; "was well acquainted with ancient and modern literature"; was a "careful student of the Holy Scriptures"; enjoyed open-air exercise in all its forms; was "a bold rider,"* an elegant dancer, "a proficient in music, both vocal and instrumental"; and was skilful with her needle. Father Stevenson also states that the Cardinal informed the Queen Dowager, in July 1554, that her daughter was nearly every day with the nuns at St. Pierre; and, of course, he tells that, previously, on Mary's reaching the age of eleven, her mother finally sanctioned an arrangement which gave her an independent household; but although he cites more than three pages from the Cardinal's letter, in which this separate household is proposed, he stops short at the closing sentence, which Miss A. M. Stewart thus renders: "I forgot not to remind her to keep a guard upon her lips, for really some who are in this Court are so bad in this respect, that I am very anxious for her to be separated from them, by the forming of an establishment of her own." He does tell, however, that a precious little volume, preserved in the National Library of Paris, contains the themes and letters of her twelfth and thirteenth years, "written from day to day as the opportunity occurred, while the Court travelled from one royal residence to another, in the course of the summer, autumn, and winter of 1554, and the spring of the following year."

The account which Father Stevenson gives of Mary's interview, at Fontainbleau, in 1555, with the English ambassadors then on their way to Rome, would lead any confiding reader to believe that they only saw her after expressing their wish to certain Scottish gentlemen, and that "she very courteously came forth out of her privy chamber into her chamber of presence" to meet them. This was what really happened to some in the Ambassadors' train; but the Ambassadors themselves had met her on the previous day, when they were ushered into Catharine de Medici's chamber of presence, "where the French Queen, accompanied with the Queen of Scots, and two of her own daughters, were ready to receive them." Is this slip—slight in itself—due to carelessness, or the result of a deliberate attempt to disassociate Mary from her infamous mother-in-law? He had previously acknowledged that "the Court of France," in which Mary was so early domesticated, "was one of the most refined, and at the same time one of the most dissipated, courts in Europe"; and "that much of its daily life was a continued school for profligacy." He had been careful to explain that "fortunately, however, for the child, she was too young at the time of her arrival to receive any permanent injury from the example or the conversation of the nobles who frequented St. Germain or Fontainbleau." And, in a passage already quoted, he had emphatically added that "Catharine had no share in Mary's education," and "during the whole of the reign of Henry the Second, the influence of his wife in the court of France

* A biographer, not less enthusiastic but less discreet, says:—"Her delicate hand could touch the lute, and break in a steed."

was at the lowest." He does not state, however, whose influence in that court was highest—that of the King's mistress, Diana of Poitiers.

Diana wrote to Mary of Guise: "As to what concerns the Queen, your daughter, I will exert myself to do her service more than to my own daughter, for she deserves it more." That Diana showed her much kindness is certified by Mary herself, who, in telling her mother in 1555 of the kindness of her uncles, says: "It is incredible how careful they are of me; I do not say less of Madame de Valentinoys." Again, in 1557 she writes: "You know how I am bound to Madame de Valentinois, to do for her and hers, for the love which more and more she shows to me." Yet the only notice which Father Stevenson deigns to take of Diana, in his elaborate monograph on the first eighteen years of Mary's life, is a passing reference to her presence at a baptism!

Just before the Queen Dowager left Scotland, Mary was dangerously ill of a "prevailing flux"; and a report that she was dead reached Augsburg about the time her mother left France. In April, 1554, the Cardinal wrote to her mother that she was troubled with a faintness at the heart, when, to satisfy her good appetite, she sometimes ate a little too much. Writing from Poissy, on the 30th of November, 1556, Wotton tells Mary of England that the fever has left the Dauphin, though he comes not yet abroad; and that the Queen of Scots seems to be meetly well amended, and is expected soon at court. She had had "a quartain ague."

Mary was married to the Dauphin on the 24th of April, 1558, in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Lesley refers to the learned and eloquent sermon, the profuse scattering of gold and silver, the "magnifique solempniteis," the sumptuous dinner, the princely dancing, the continued banqueting, and the marriages then made at court. Teulet, who extracted a description of the pompous ceremonies from the 'Registers of the Hotel de Ville of Paris,' expresses the opinion that while the details of these fetes may appear rather puerile, nevertheless their unusual splendour had a political signification which should not be overlooked.

D. Hay Fleming.

THE AMERICAN PIRACY OF 'THE ASCENT OF MAN.'

WHILE the critics are disporting themselves over Professor Drummond's 'Ascent of Man,' there is one fact connected with it which has an interest for the literary world at large. These Lectures have been the subject of a remarkable law-suit in America. The peculiarity of the case is that it was not tried under the new Copyright Act which so successfully protected the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' against American piracy, but on the simple ground of equity; and the decision, given in the author's favour, marks a departure which henceforth must affect the interests of British authors in important directions. As the first case in which a favourable judgment has been given to an alien in such a matter, the following account will be read with interest.

When Mr. Drummond landed in America to deliver the Lowell Lectures, he took the precaution to copyright them the day after arrival. All that is necessary to secure copyright in America is to print (or even typewrite) a title-page with name, date, and "copyrighted by So-and-So" printed on the back, post it to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, and enclose a registration fee of a dollar. The book need not be written, nor is it clear what interval may elapse before "twelve copies must be exposed for sale." The fact in this case that the Lectures were copyrighted was duly announced in the literary and trade journals, and though no date was given, Messrs. J. Pott and Co., of New York, were named as the publishers. After the Lectures were delivered, some months passed without any step being taken towards publication. The author's reasons for this are probably his own, but unless circumstances had practically forced him into print, the chances are the 'Ascent of Man' would never have seen the light at all.

No reports of these Lectures were allowed in the American journals, nor did they appear anywhere in this country except in the *British Weekly*, and there only in part, and in fragmentary form. The first Lecture in the *British Weekly* was reported almost in full, but the danger of the experiment in view of the unexpected interest awakened by the Lectures in America, seems to have dawned upon Mr. Drummond or his American publishers, for the succeeding reports became more and more meagre and ceased altogether after the eighth. As events proved, this precaution was justified, for these reports, imperfect as they were, were gathered into a widely-spaced book of 240 pages, "edited by William Templeton," published by Henry Altemus, and duly offered to the American public as the Lowell Lectures.

Two days before leaving America Professor Drummond had the good fortune to hear of the proposed issue. He wrote at once to Mr. Altemus and received the reply that Mr. Altemus, though uncompelled by any legal enactment, might sacrifice the issue provided all expenses would be paid. As the book was ready, and, according to report to the extent of some ten thousand copies, Mr. Drummond naturally hesitated, and left his publisher to seek legal advice. Since his own copyright had not yet been implemented, and as an American publisher has a right to reprint any matter published in England not protected by prior or simultaneous publication in America, it was an open question whether Altemus could be sued under the Copyright Act. A petition was lodged, nevertheless, under this Act, but has not been pressed, although it is open to the author to do so at any time. The issue at law being doubtful, the legal advisers, considering they might have ground on the question of equity, took the case to an Equity Court. The following is a portion of the Bill (Drummond *v.* Altemus) presented "in Equity" to "the Judges of the Circuit Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania":—

"That after the said copyright was issued to the said plaintiff, the said defendant caused to be printed and published a work contained in about two hundred and forty pages (of which the first thirty are introduction, title, blank pages), entitled 'The Evolution of Man, being the Lowell Lectures delivered at Boston, Mass., April, 1893, by Professor Henry Drummond': which work is alleged by the said defendant, and purports to be 'made up from a contemporary report of the lectures recently delivered by Professor Drummond (the said plaintiff) in the Boston Institute'; and the introduction states 'that these reports have been carefully collated and edited and presented to the reader with the certainty that they will prove of value' (see Introduction to the said work, pp. 26, 27).

"That the said work published by the said defendant is not what it purports to be, but is a servile and exact copy of the

aforesaid reports published in the *British Weekly*, with the following exceptions, viz., slight verbal omissions and changes on pages 31, 32, 35, 36, 39, 40, 42, 49, 51, 52, 54, 56, 61, 67, 78, 81, 82, 83, 102, 110, 112, 126, 129, 135, 140, 156, 159, 160, 165, 167, 172, 174, 175, 179, 183, 187, 188, 197, 198, 200, 225, 229 (being somewhat over fifty); the unauthorised and fraudulent addition of twelve lines on pages 179 and 180, and of twenty-one lines on pages 230 and 231; the unauthorised and fraudulent change from the description of the lecturer, which was in the *British Weekly* in the third person, to that of the first person on pages 31, 67, 150, 183, 197, 230.

"That while it is not intended in this Bill in any way to object or to impeach the right of the defendant to servilely copy and print the matter in respect of these lectures contained in the *British Weekly* provided there is no deception or fraud practised upon the author or public, yet the plaintiff avers that the above work published by the said defendant is intended to deceive and defraud the plaintiff and the public by fraudulently proclaiming the same to be the Lowell Lectures, delivered by the said plaintiff as aforesaid: though, in fact, as has been disclosed in paragraphs 6 and 8 of this Bill, the said work is not the Lowell Lectures as aforesaid, but is a servile copy of the said fragmentary and imperfect reports of only two-thirds of the said Lectures contained in the said *British Weekly*, as disclosed in paragraph 8 of this Bill; and that there is a further fraud and deceit practised by the said defendant upon the plaintiff and public by the change of the third person to the first, and by the unauthorised changes and additions as described in paragraph 8 of this Bill.

"The said plaintiff further avers that by the fraudulent and unauthorised publication of the aforesaid fragmentary and imperfect reports of the said Lowell Lectures, and by the fraudulent and unauthorised insertions, alterations, and additions in the said work published by the said defendant as specified in paragraph 8 of this Bill, the said plaintiff has suffered, and continues to suffer, great pecuniary injury in his literary reputation as an author.

"The said plaintiff therefore avers that these actings and doings and pretences on the part of the said defendant are contrary to equity and good conscience, and tend to the wrong and injury of the plaintiff in the premises. In consideration whereof, and inasmuch as the said plaintiff is remediless in the premises at law, and cannot have adequate relief save in a court of equity, where matters of this and like nature are properly cognizable and relievable, the plaintiff therefore prays:—

"(*a*) That the Court will declare and establish the rights of the plaintiff and of the defendant in the premises.

"(*b*) That the said defendant, the said Henry Altemus, may appear and answer all and singular the matters and things hereinbefore set forth and complained of.

"(*c*) That the said defendant be restrained by injunction temporary until hearing and perpetual thereafter issuing from this Court from selling and exposing to sale and causing or being in any way concerned in the selling or exposing to sale, or otherwise disposing of any copies of the said work in its present form.

"(*d*) That he further be ordered to surrender and deliver up the copies on hand, or elsewhere under his control, and the stereotype plates, if there are any, to an officer of the Court, to be cancelled and destroyed.

"(*e*) That he be ordered to pay the plaintiff his costs.

"(*f*) That the plaintiff may have such other and further relief as to this Honourable Court may seem meet or as equity may require.

"ARTHUR BIDDLE,
"J. RODMAN PAUL,
"*Solicitors for the Plaintiff.*"

Judgment was given, as already said, in Professor Drummond's favour, and its terms are at once so novel and so instructive that we make no apology for appending them at length, especially as they have never before appeared in print.

"CIRCUIT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

"HENRY DRUMMOND *v.* HENRY ALTEMUS.

"*Per* DALLAS, *Circuit Judge.*

"From the facts as developed on the hearing of this motion for an interlocutory injunction, it appears that the defendant has published, and to a considerable extent has sold, a book purporting to contain certain Lectures delivered by the plaintiff, which in fact does not present those Lectures correctly, but with additions and omissions which essentially alter the productions of the author. This is sought to be justified by the averment that the lectures in question had not been copyrighted, and that their author had dedicated them to the public.

"The subject of copyright is not directly involved. The complainant does not base his claim to relief upon the statute but upon his right, quite distinct from any conferred by copyright, to protection against having any literary matter published as his work which is not actually his creation, and, incidentally, to prevent fraud upon purchasers. That such right exists is too well settled, upon reason and authority, to require demonstration, and, although it is equally well established that an author may, by dedication of any product of his pen to the public, irrevocably abandon his title, yet in this case the fact relied on by the defendant to support his assertion of dedication wholly fails to vindicate the publication complained of.

"The defendant's book is founded on the matter which has appeared in the *British Weekly*, and if that matter had been literally copied, and so as not to misrepresent its character and extent, the plaintiff would be without remedy; but the fatal weakness in the defendant's position is, that, under colour of editing the author's work, he has represented a part of it as the whole, and even as to the portion published has materially departed from the reports which he sets up in justification.

"The title of the book is 'The Evolution of Man,' being the Lowell Lectures delivered at Boston, Mass., April, 1893, by Professor Henry Drummond. It is true that the reports, except one, in the *British Weekly*, appear under a heading in the same words, but the ordinary reader is not likely to rely upon display lines of a public journal to give a precise indication of the contents of an article to which they are prefixed, whereas such a title as we have in this instance, given to a book in permanent form, may reasonably be and usually is relied on as truly stating the nature of its contents. A most important circumstance in this connection is that the defendant, whilst precisely adopting his title from the headlines of the reports, has so altered their text as to make it appear, contrary to the whole tenor of the reports themselves, that what his book contains is the precise language of the author of the Lectures, although as has been said, it contains only some of the Lectures, not all of them, and presents none of them fully or correctly. The complainant's right has been fully made out, and the case shown is manifestly one which calls for the interposition of the Court at this stage. An order for a temporary injunction according to prayer 'C' of the Bill may be entered.

"(Signed) GEORGE M. DALLAS,
"*Cir. J.*"

It is understood that the injunction has now been made permanent, and prayers "D" and "E" of the Bill granted. The justice of this decision will commend itself to everyone, and the United States of America not less than Professor Drummond are to be congratulated on the result. In the interests of authorship generally, few things were more needed than such a pronouncement. Many cases have occurred where American publishers have published the work of British authors in unauthorised ways, yet without actually infringing copyright, and hitherto no redress has seemed possible. For instance, the moment an author becomes famous, some adventurous publisher in the States hunts up old material from his pen—newspaper articles, letters, scraps, extracts from speeches—edits it, gives it a title, and publishes it without hint to the reader that the publication is not issued by the author himself. Mr. Barrie and other writers have suffered much in this way, not only pecuniarily, but in reputation. For a writer to find himself the author of books he never wrote, under titles he never heard of, is bad enough; but to have one's early papers collected without sanction and irresponsibly "edited" for purposes of gain is an offence which every man who cares for his work must resent. Whether the law which has protected Professor Drummond can interpose in such a case is not certain, but how far American justice is now prepared to go is at least indicated by this last decision.

M. MAETERLINCK ON THE MYSTICS AND ON EMERSON.

TO a French translation of seven of Emerson's essays—those on Self-Reliance, Compensation, Spiritual Laws, The Poet, Character, The Over-Soul, and Fate—recently published by Lacomblez, of Brussels, M. Maeterlinck has written a preface of very considerable interest in connection with the tendencies of the newer continental school of poets. He has not made perfect use of that birthright of all who write the language he does, lucidity, but the mysticism which has engulfed him is responsible for that. And Emerson from any comprehensive point of view he does not touch on at all. But Emerson as the homely seer, who brought everyday life within the range of mystic radiance, has visibly impressed him greatly, and the eloquent tribute to the sage of common life, as a sign of the spreading of his influence, must be of interest to English and American readers. This is the greater part of M. Maeterlinck's preface:—

"Only one thing matters," says Novalis, "and that is the search for our transcendental self. This self we have momentary perceptions of, in the words of God, in those of poets and sages, in the depths of certain joys and sorrows, in sleep, in love, in physical weakness, and in some unforeseen events, where from afar it beckons to us, and points to the links between us and the universe. There are sages to whom this search has been everything, and they have written books in which nothing is that is not extraordinary." "What is there of worth in books," says our author, "if not the transcendental and the extraordinary?" These sages have been like painters determined to catch a likeness in the dark. Some of them drew abstract pictures, on a great scale, but not very distinct. Others succeeded in seizing an attitude, or a characteristic gesture of the higher life. Strange beings were evolved from the imaginations of some. There are not many such pictures, and they are never alike. A few are very beautiful, and not to have seen them is to be like a man who has never been out of doors in the middle of the day. Their lines are purer than the lines of the sky, and, then, these faces seem to us so remote that we do not know if they have a real existence, or if they were set down according to some conception of ourselves. These are the works of the pure mystics, and man does not yet know what to make of them. Others, we call them poets, speak to us of such things indirectly. A third class of thinkers, raising by one degree the old myth of the centaurs, have given a more accessible picture of this occult identity, by mingling the lines of our apparent and our superior selves. The face of our divine soul smiles at times over the shoulder of her sister, the human soul, bent to the humble needs of thought, and this smile which, as it passes, discovers to us all that is beyond thought, is the only thing of consequence in the works of man.

They are not many who have shown that man is greater and profounder than himself, and who have been able to fix some of the eternal suggestions to be met with every instant through life, in a movement, a sign, a look, a word, a silence, in the incidents happening round about us. The science of human greatness is the greatest of sciences. Not one man is ignorant of it; yet hardly one knows he possesses it. The child who meets me cannot tell his mother what he has seen; and yet as soon as his eye has touched my presence, he knows all that I am, all I have been, all I shall be, as well as my brother, and three times better than myself. He knows me at once, in the past and in the future, in this world and the others, and his eyes in their turn reveal to me the part I play in the universe and in eternity. . . . .

To-day I am going to see a friend whom I have never seen before, but I know his work, and that his soul is an extraordinary one, and that he has spent his life in manifesting it as precisely as he could, according to the duty imposed on superior intelligences. I am full of anxiety;-it is a solemn hour. He enters, and all the explanations he has given us all these years fall into dust as the door opens on his presence. He is not what he thinks. He is of another nature than his thoughts. Once more we affirm that the emissaries of the intellect are always false. He has said very profound things about his soul; but in the brief instant dividing the look that rests on me from the look that turns

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

away, I have learnt all that he will never be able to tell, all he will never be able to make alive in his mind. Henceforth he belongs to me unchangingly. Before, we were united by thought. To-day something thousands and thousands of times more mysterious than thought gives us to one another. For years and years we waited this moment; and now we feel that everything is useless, and in order that we may not dread the silence, we who were prepared to open to each other treasures, secret and immense, talk about the striking hour or the setting sun, that our souls may have leisure to admire each other, and embrace in another silence which the murmur of the lips and thoughts cannot disturb.

In reality we only live soul to soul, and we are gods that know not our real selves. If to-night unable to bear my solitude I go among the crowd, they tell me that the storm has just shaken down their pears or that the last frosts have closed the port. Was it for that I came? And yet, I shall go away presently, my soul as satisfied and full of force and of new treasures as if I had spent hours with Plato, Socrates, and Marcus Aurelius. What their mouth said had no agreement with what their presence proclaimed, and man cannot be other than great and wonderful. What the mind thinks is of no importance beside the truth that we are, that is affirmed in silence; and if after fifty years of solitude

Epictetus, Goethe, and St. Paul were to touch my isle, they would only be able to tell me what in the same time, and more directly perhaps, would have been told me by their little cabin-boy.

In truth, what is strongest in man is his hidden gravity and wisdom. The most frivolous among us never really laughs, and in spite of his efforts never succeeds in losing a moment, for the human soul is attentive and does nothing that is not useful. *Ernst ist das Leben*, life is serious, and in the depths of our being our soul has never yet smiled. On the other side of our involuntary agitations we lead a wonderful existence, passive, very pure, very sure, to which ceaseless allusion is made by hands stretched out, eyes that open, looks that meet. All our organs are the mystic accomplices of a superior being, and it is never a man, it is a soul we have known. I did not see that poor man who begged for alms on my doorstep; but I saw something else: in our eyes two self-same destinies greeted and loved each other, and at the instant he held out his hand the little door of the house opened for a moment on the sea. . . . . But if it be true that the least of us cannot make the slightest movement without taking account of the soul and the spiritual kingdoms where it reigns, it is also true that the wisest almost never thinks of the infinite displaced by the opening of an eyelid, the bending of a head, or the closing of a hand. We live so far from ourselves that we are ignorant of almost all that takes place on the horizon of our being. We wander aimlessly in the valley, never thinking that all our actions are reproduced and acquire their significance on the summit of the mountain. Some one has to come and say, Lift your eyes; see what you are, see what you are doing; it is not here that we live: we are up there. That look exchanged in the dark, those words which have no meaning at the base of the hill, see what they grow into and what they signify beyond the snow of the peaks, and how our hands which we think so little and so feeble, touch God everywhere unknowingly.

Some there are who have come and put their hands upon our shoulders, making us aware of what is happening on the glaciers of mystery. They are not many—three or four in this century, five or six in the others; and all they have been able to tell us is nothing in comparison with what exists and what our soul already knows. But what matter? Are we not like unto a man who has lost his sight in the first years of childhood? He has seen the countless spectacle of beings. He has seen the sun, the sea, and the forest. Now these marvels are for ever part of him; and if you speak of them what can you say to him, and what, will your poor words be worth beside the glade, the storm, and the dawn that still live in the fibres of his spirit and his flesh? Yet he will listen to you with an ardent, wondering joy, and though he knows all, and your words represent what he knows more imperfectly than does a glass of water a great river, the weak little phrases that fall from men's mouths will illumine for an instant the ocean, the light, and the dark foliage that sleep in the darkness under his dead eyelids.

The faces of the transcendental self of which Novalis speaks are probably innumerable, and none of the mystic moralists have succeeded in studying the same one. Swedenborg, Pascal, Novalis, and some others, examine our relations to an infinity, abstract, subtle, and very remote. They lead us to the mountains, the summits of which do not seem to us habitable, and where we often breathe with difficulty. Goethe leads our soul to the shores of the Sea of Peace. Marcus Aurelius sets us down on the slope of the human hills of perfect but wearied goodness and under the too heavy boughs of hopeless resignation. Carlyle, Emerson's spiritual brother, who speaks to us from the other end of the valley, makes the single heroic moments of our life pass like lightnings before us over a background of shadow and storm and of an unknown unrelievedly terrible. He leads us like a distracted flock through the tempests to hidden and sulphurous pasturage, urges us into the depths of the darkness that he has discovered with joy, and which has no other light than the flickering, violent star of the heroes, and leaves us there, with a malicious laugh, to the vast reprisals of the mysteries.

But then also there is Emerson, the good shepherd of pale, green, morning meadows, full of an optimism which is new, natural, and plausible. He does not lead us to the verge of precipices. He does not bring us out of our humble and familiar fields, for the glacier, the sea, the eternal snows, the palace, the stable, the cold hearth of the poor, the bed of the sick, are all under the same sky, purified by the same stars, and subject to the same infinite powers.

He came, for some persons, at the moment he was wanted, when they had a mortal need of new explanations. The heroic hours are less apparent; those of abnegation have not yet returned, and yet we cannot live without greatness. He has given an almost acceptable meaning to this life which had lost its traditional horizons, and perhaps he has been able to show us that it is strange, profound, and great enough to have no need of other end than itself. He knows no more than others; but he affirms with more courage, and he has confidence in mystery. You must live, all you who traverse days and years without actions, thoughts, or light, for all your life, in spite of everything, is mysterious and divine. You must live, because no one has the right to escape from the spiritual events of commonplace weeks. You must live, because there are no hours without intimate miracles and ineffable meanings. You must live, because not an act, not a word, not a gesture, escapes from inexplicable demands in a world where there is much to do and little to know.

There is no great as there is no petty life, and the action of Regulus or Leonidas has no importance when I compare it to a moment in the secret history of my soul. It could do what they did, or not do it; these things do not touch it; and the soul of Regulus when he returned to Carthage was probably as absent and indifferent as the workman's going to the factory. The soul is too far away from all our actions, too far from all our thoughts. It lives alone, in the depths of us, a life that it speaks not of, and from the heights where it reigns the variety of existence is no longer distinguishable. We walk burdened under the load of our soul, and there is no proportion between it and us. Perhaps it never thinks of what we are doing, and that fact can be read on our face. If one could ask an intelligence of another world what is the synthetic expression of the face of

men, it might doubtless reply, after having seen them in their joys, their griefs, their anxieties—*They seem to be thinking of something else.* Be great, be wise, and eloquent; the soul of the poor man who holds out his hand at the corner of the bridge, will not be jealous; but yours will perhaps envy him his silence. The hero needs the approbation of the ordinary man, but the ordinary man does not ask for the approbation of the hero, and he pursues his life with calmness, like one who has all his treasures in a safe place. When Socrates speaks, says Emerson, Lysis and Menexenes feel no shame at their silence. They also are great. And Socrates refers to them, and loves them while he speaks, because every man contains and is the very truth itself that is spoken by an eloquent man. But in the eloquent man, just because he can articulate it, that truth already resides in less degree, and that is why he turns towards those admirable silent ones with a greater deference and respect. . . . .

Emerson came to affirm with simplicity this uniform and secret greatness of life. He has surrounded us with silence and wonder. He has marked a ray of light under the step of the artisan coming out of his workshop. He has shown all the forces of the sky and the earth occupied in sustaining the threshold on which two neighbours speak of the falling rain and the rising wind, and above two passers-by who greet, he shows us the face of one god smiling in the face of another. He is nearer than any other to our daily life. Of all monitors he is the most attentive, the most industrious, the most honest, the most fastidious, perhaps the most humane. He is the sage of ordinary days, and ordinary days make up the substance of our being. A year or more may flow by without passions, virtues, and miracles. Learn to reverence the little hours of life. If I was able to act this morning according to the spirit of Marcus Aurelius, do not come to call attention to my action, for I know myself that something happened. But if I think I have wasted my day in miserable undertakings, and if you can prove to me that I have yet lived as deeply as a hero, and that my soul has not lost its rights, you will have done more than if you had persuaded me to save the life of my enemy to-day, for you will have augmented in me the sum, the greatness, and the desire of life, and to-morrow, perhaps, I shall know how to live with reverence.

NEW BOOKS.

TOWN LIFE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.*

The title of this work is too general. Mrs. Green has confined herself to English town life, and very judiciously, since that branch of the subject has been hitherto somewhat neglected. But she goes a great deal too far in stating that during the twenty years since her husband wrote the mediæval English town has been entirely neglected. Surely M. Jusserand among others has done something at least to popularise the enquiry. And how can Mrs. Green ignore Dr. Gross' 'Gild Merchant, a Contribution to Municipal History,' brought out by the Clarendon Press in 1890? It is a work of capital importance, a thesaurus of facts and illustrations almost complete considering the as yet early stage of the enquiry, and in spite of its bulk most remarkable for its severe compression. Mrs. Green may reply that Dr. Gross is a Harvard professor, but surely his work is an English book for English readers. One might be tempted to think that she has borrowed largely from it the facts which she has worked up in her more diffuse and popular treatise, yet on the other hand one might fancy that somehow she has never read the book. Otherwise she would hardly lament that "the whole problem (including even the ascertaining of the facts on which it depends) of the development of English commerce and manufactures and of its effects on social life, still awaits the student," or that nothing has been done to collect and tabulate the facts scattered in our town muniments. Dr. Gross' second volume consists of extracts from the records of nearly a hundred English, Scotch, and Irish towns, and these extracts, though primarily bearing on mercantile organisation, throw abundant light on municipal and social life. However, Mrs. Green has largely availed herself of this collection, for she frequently refers to it in her footnotes, and I cannot but think that some acknowledgment in the preface would have been both just and graceful. Moreover, considering the copious list (32 pages) of authorities which Dr. Gross appended, and of which she seems to have made ample use, and in face of the fact that he had then "almost ready for the press" (and for all I know may by this time have published) "a comprehensive bibliography of British municipal history, comprising about 4,000 titles, with a critical survey of the whole literature," her laments over the chaotic confusion of her materials, and the supineness of other investigators, seem scarcely called for. It should, however, be remarked that she has explored some fields which he did not occupy, as for instance in the extremely interesting sketch of the customs of Sandwich mainly based on Boys' work, to which Dr. Gross' list probably directed her. Not only has she sought other sources of information, but with regard to the few typical towns to which she very wisely gives most space she seems to have gathered her topographical knowledge on the spot. Indeed, the care and industry lavished on these volumes is worthy of every praise.

Women are doing, and in the future will do, this kind of work admirably. The needle is a good school for patient diligence and methodical nicety. But Mrs. Green's merits are somewhat higher than this. She displays a comprehensiveness and force of judgment which soon arrest our attention and claims consideration even for those passing reflections which in most books we glide over as harmless padding. Thus in the preface the balance is carefully weighed between the advantages of a general and a special study of town history. The former, embracing a large number of towns, "exposes the author to much correction in matters of detail from experts with local knowledge." The latter is still more dangerous; it may entail "the still graver errors that spring from the want of some ascertained measure of proportion and from the incapacity to distinguish in each town that which is normal from that which is strange or characteristic." Mrs. Green has combined both measures sufficiently to avoid the more serious pitfalls. The very essence of our urban as of our manorial system was infinite variety, and therein lies its peculiar interest, or let us say at once its charm, but nevertheless there are some broad common features due to similar conditions which can hardly be appreciated unless viewed as a whole. Take another remark. "The question of origins," she observes, "I have deliberately set on one side, from the conviction that the beginnings of a society may be more fruitfully studied after we know something of its actual life." Here, indeed, is phenomenal good sense, one of those self-evident propositions which somehow occur to nobody. The approved system is to theorise and wrangle over the obscure and misty origins of institutions whose precise nature we have not yet probed to the bottom.

The author has, however, by no means shrunk from controversy, and on certain points, as for instance the relations of the "communitas" to the "cives," has put forward original theories of her own. This is not the place to discuss them in detail; it must suffice to say that they always merit careful consideration, and that on some important points I am inclined to at once accept her views. On others one must regard them rather as valuable suggestions towards the elucidation of problems which as yet are hardly ripe for

* 'Town Life in the Fifteenth Century.' By Mrs. J. R. Green. In two volumes. (Macmillan and Co.) Price 32s.

solution. A logical division of the subject under proper heads was as inconvenient as impossible, and Mrs. Green's arrangement probably entails the minimum of repetition or confusion. The five chapters (XII. to XVI.) in the second volume might, however, have been thrown into an appendix with some advantage.

It would be easy to piece together into a long and interesting article some of the curious facts and quotations which the author has collected. But that would give no idea of the pervading fascination of the book. No page is without its share of the absorbing interest which vivifies the whole subject. What books are like these? I will mention another for the sake of recommending it, as it seems almost forgotten, Pike's 'History of Crime,' which rather misleading title introduces us to a vivid description of the byeways of social life in the Middle Ages. Let us hail with delight each book which stimulates and satisfies that natural, that healthy, that noble curiosity which urges us to know more of our ancestors—those men and women so like us, yet so unlike, those phantoms who haunt the streets and houses and churches where once they lived at home, but who seem to elude our familiarity. Much can be done to bridge the chasm of centuries by the power of association which clings round the ruins of their dwellings. But we, like our fathers, in our merciless stupidity are destroying the relics which our grandchildren would some day gladly redeem at their weight in gold. At this moment the City of London, which grudges not its largess to preserve pyramids and patch up heathen temples, is standing idly by while one of the last relics of its former beautiful self is being ruthlessly demolished. Protest is vain. Most of us would prefer a big photograph of the Parthenon to the poor mouldy Jews' House at Lincoln. Soon nothing will be left, but one power may still resist the Vandals—the divine art of printing. This they must leave us for the sake of their own price lists and advertisements, and in books, if in books alone, may we still draw near to the men of old, the citizens who made the towns we now call ours. For by some happy chance their records, their account-books, the scant measure of penwork they found time for, have in many places survived; here there has been no universal frenzy of record-burning as in the French Revolution. And we are asking what manner of men were these? No one knows. Each as yet can only guess, can only form his own tentatory estimate. For myself I incline to think that they were marvellously like ourselves, to minimise the differentia, to say that modern civilisation has obscured rather than effaced the common features of thought and action. The more I know of the English mediæval spirit the more I am disposed to apply to it the single epithet, businesslike. The so-called Ages of Faith, apart from their widespread if reserved Infidelity, were intensely practical. The true Feudalism of the Dark Ages was a prosaic matter-of-fact system. The chivalry, the so-called feudalism of Scott's novels, was but a make-believe pageant, like our Alhambra entertainments. In every sphere, most of all perhaps in the seeming vagaries of our antique law, we may trace if we will the rough, practical, utilitarian adaptation of ways to means and the contemptuous toleration of obsolete formalities and shams so long as they can be evaded or ignored, which still marks the Englishman.

And so too with the towns. Of course, now we have tramways, and parcels post, and drains, and villas, and monster hotels, but these blessings do not make much difference. The real point is this—did the citizen of the fifteenth century look at things in pretty much the same light as the middle classes do now? I believe that he did. He had all the middle-class virtues and failings, even the craving (though our enthusiasts deny this) to "keep up appearances," and seem more "genteel" than he really was. But every other trait is overshadowed by the one salient feature —his businesslike common sense. Of the two the modern tradesman is the more visionary, the more subject to be led astray by false and foreign ideals. Where we go wrong is in confusing this solid business spirit with money grubbing. The old mercer or goldsmith knew better. He was too practical to sacrifice himself to slaving for his heirs, and wisely enjoyed the pleasures and comfort which he earned by his toil. Life in London four hundred years ago was easier and merrier than now, not because her citizens were more volatile, but because they were less warped in their practical views of life. They had planned it all out and had moulded their municipal institutions in comfortable harmony with their needs. Few human institutions have been more ingenious or more successful. Why they failed Mrs. Green tells us, but no one can trace them in her ample pages without admiration and without the feeling of sympathy which flows from near kinship.

Here I must take an unwilling and respectful leave of Mrs. Green's delightful book, commending it to all readers, some for entertainment, others for profit, and venturing to hope, nay to prognosticate, that it will assume a place beside the memorable work of him to whom it is dedicated. No greater reward would its author desire. Y. Y.

MR. RUSKIN'S NEW BOOK.*

This is a volume of real Ruskin, a thing to give a good welcome to after the recent books that have been published under his name. It is something better than youthful, immature utterances, or even mature utterances on subjects about which Mr. Ruskin has nothing particular of value to say, gathered and given to the world by enthusiasts more zealous than discreet. Some of the lectures take us back to the level of his best work, and all of them are on themes that bring out his special knowledge and individuality. Three out of the five chapters, "Verona," "The Story of Arachne," and "The Tortoise of Aegina," were read as lectures, at the Royal Institution, at Woolwich, and at Oxford, in 1870, but only fragmentary newspaper reports of them have been printed before. The last two, "Candida Casa" and "Mending the Sieve" (1882—1885), were intended for a volume of 'Our Fathers have Told Us'—a general review of Christian history, of which 'The Bible of Amiens' has already been published—and one of them, "Mending the Sieve," was read as a lecture at the London Institution in 1882. There is nothing, therefore, very recent in the volume, and its subjects are widely different. The first is architectural and historical, the next two mythological and moral, and the others mainly historical. It is not necessary to say that the titles sometimes hardly suggest, still less cover, the subjects dealt with.

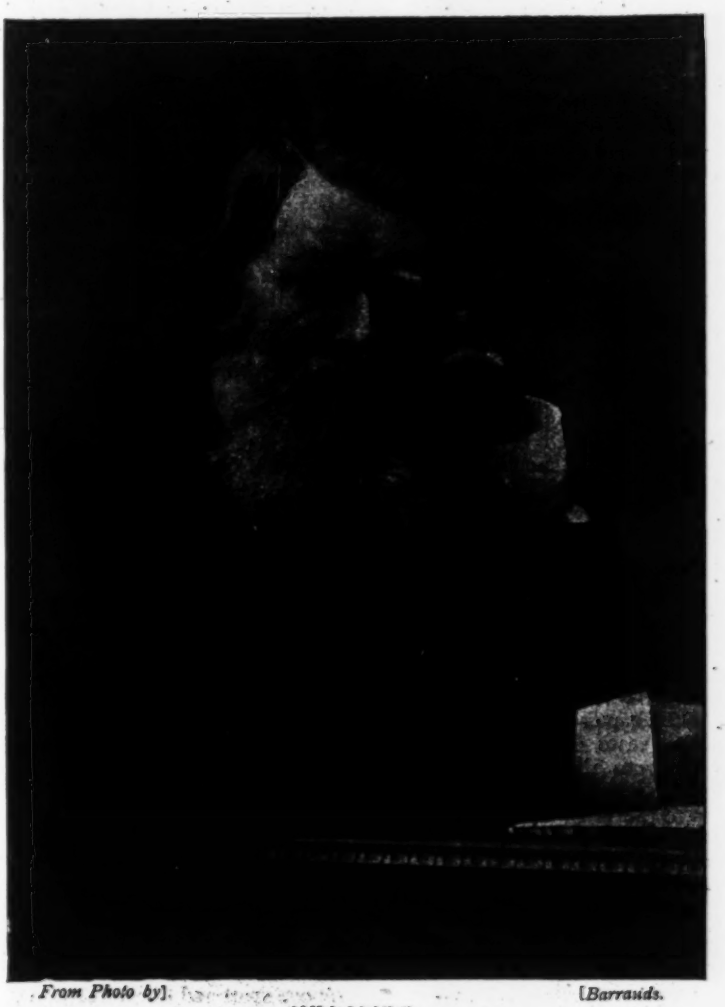
'Verona' is a book that only old readers and lovers of Ruskin will take full delight in. In the first place the delight it affords is largely reminiscent, for a great place among his works cannot be claimed for it. Made up mainly of familiar lectures, its bulk of solid information and criticism is small enough. But its thinness is one of the reasons of its value to old lovers, who will find in it a quick, clear survey of those characteristics that have given Mr. Ruskin his peculiar place in literature. They meet us here as we turn each page; and the slightness of the matter prevents them from obscuring themselves. Mr. Ruskin's influence is not where it used to be; but I doubt if it be less powerful, though many that were wont to be moved by it, have slipped out of its reach. At least, it is to-day very strong, very wide; and they are very important sections it affects. It is no reproach to that influence, but rather its peculiar glory, that it is strongest with those, and they are numerous, indeed, who would, without it, be peculiarly unsusceptible to art and culture. He has captured hordes of Philistines, and made of them something better. He has given them eyes and ears, often his, alas! not their own, but that he could not help. He has poured into them an interest in beauty which is in no way affected, and made the great imaginative works of the world as real to them as the commonplace sights and incidents of their narrow experiences. It is not his literary qualities that have done this, in the first place, though his rich and vigorous English has been a secondary power of great importance. No, his influence has lain in the quality which in some of its manifestations is not a pleasing one, which, indeed, is the chief cause of his alienation from a fastidious minority. Not of set purpose, but instinctively, he has used the one means that will always appeal to the great mass of his countrymen and women. He has bidden them approach art through morality. Moral fervour, moral instruction, the constant

* 'Verona, and Other Lectures.' By John Ruskin. With Illustrations from Drawings by the Author. (George Allen.)

mental attitude of teaching and preaching, are at the root of his wide influence. Mr. Pater might perfect his style as he liked, might be even a finer, saner guide to the art of Italy than he is, he could never possess that influence. Indeed there are two Ruskins, and it is not the writer of exquisite prose, the lover of art and natural beauty that wields this power, but Ruskin the benevolent schoolmaster, who lectures and scolds and exhorts and explains, with infinite patience, and that self-confidence and unselfish enthusiasm that breed conviction. This missionary Ruskin, to whom the other owes his potency, is here abundantly present, but especially in "The Story of Arachne," which speaks of the homely basis and the purity of art.

Akin to Mr. Ruskin's pedagogic inspiration, but not with equal influence either to convert or to repel, is his marvellous power of exposition. With a cooler head and less individuality, he might have here been unsurpassed, and as it is, his gift of clear, proportionate description, whether of a place, an epoch, a process of thought, or the meaning of a myth or symbol — making large concessions, in the last case, to his particular point of view — rouses one's admiration at every turn. It would be easy enough to carp at his division of Veronese art into its four epochs, and at his interpretation of the spirit of the epochs, as being rough and not covering all the facts that a well-informed mind could think of. But in so few words, and these such as a child could understand, who could have set down so much essential truth, and have found space not only for definite facts, but for delicate and suggestive criticism? In mentioning this example, I should say that in it occurs one of those frank retractions of previously expressed opinions, which may give docile admirers an uneasy feeling of instability, but are yet the best evidence to others of Mr. Ruskin's capacities for criticism. Speaking of what he calls the Age of the Masters, that is, of Luini, Mantegna, Bellini, and Carpaccio, with its ideal of "pictorial perfectness and deliciousness," he says, "Everything in the world was done and made only that it might be rightly painted—that is the true master's creed. I used to think all this very wrong once, and that it meant general falseness and hardness of heart, and so on. It means nothing of the kind. It means only that one's whole soul is put into one's work; and that the entire soul so spent is healthy and happy, and cannot vex itself with questions, cares, or pains." Another of those admirably simple and lucid expositions, which separate the essential from the unessential, draw out the moral meaning, and expose the inner beauty, is in "Mending the Sieve." The title is an allusion to the well-known miracle that St. Benedict performed for his devoted nurse, and the chapter is an interesting comparison of the separate worth to the world, of the inspirations that ruled on Monte Cassino and in Clairvaux. So, too, in "Candida Casa"—but let expectant readers here be warned that Whithorn is never reached. The chapter was meant, says the editor, to be the introduction to a sketch of early Christianity, but only manages to include a suggestion as to the Frankish origin of our navy, and a dissertation on shipping in the third century. We did not want anything of the kind, but no disappointment about "Candida Casa" can hinder acknowledgment of Mr. Ruskin's gift of lucid narrative, even when he has the slenderest material to build it from. It is all part of his power of comprehensive and intelligent sight over large tracts of country or of time, his eye seeking and finding the essential lines and incidents, and awake to every beauty of tone and colour.

The illustrations must not be passed over unnoticed. They are samples of Mr. Ruskin's most delicate work, another of those reminiscences of which the book is full, and which prevent its being measured altogether by its own separate worth.



From Photo by] [*Barrauds.*

JOHN RUSKIN.

THOS. PARNELL.*

This is a *rifacimento* of the original collection of Parnell's poems, edited by the Rev. J. Mitford for Pickering in 1833. Mr. Aitken has rewritten the introduction in a less garrulous vein, and with the assistance of some fresh material. He has also added a few pages of notes, and has left out the 'Life of Zoilus,' replacing it by some of the 'Posthumous Works' of 1758, which Mitford did not print. The result is a breach of continuity in the appearance of the volume. Pages 1 to 128 look as if they were printed from the old stereotype plates: on page 129 begins a new type, which is doubtless more comely, but which, thus abruptly introduced, gives the whole book a somewhat ragged and makeshift air. One does not quite understand, either, since Mr. Aitken allows them to be genuine, why the whole of the 'Posthumous Works' are not included. Those omitted are tedious enough, of course, but they are not much more so than some which are not omitted. Moreover, Parnell's total poetic remains are, in bulk as well as in other respects, extremely slight, and it would have been convenient to have had them all in one place for purposes of reference. In any case, slipshod editing is always undesirable, and serves only to perpetuate the bad old traditions which would not be tolerated with the classics, and therefore cling the closer to the study of English literature.

In himself, Parnell is perhaps hardly deserving of a less cavalier treatment. He was mediocre even in an age of mediocrity, and his critic is hard put to it to find the appropriate word of praise. One line, or, rather, half a line, of his has alone attained to immortality. One fears that many

* 'The Poetical Works of Thomas Parnell.' Edited by George A. Aitken. "Aldine Poets." (George Bell and Sons.)

who are familiar with it might be perplexed to give the author's name. It occurs in a passage of the "Elegy to an Old Beauty"—

"Her mien, her shape, her temper, eyes and tongue
Are sure to conquer—for the rogue is young;
And all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,
We call it only pretty Fanny's way."

In volumes of 'Elegant Extracts' or 'Poetry for the Young' you come across a piece called "The Hermit." It begins with the singularly inept couplet—

"Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew,"

and ends with one of the worst rhymes known to criticism:

"Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace."

"The Hermit" is a moral allegory founded on an Oriental story which had already been told in English, and told much better, in the quaint prose of the 'Epistolae Ho-Elianae.' Parnell's admirers are apt to contend that this poem shows him at his best. In truth he had not the keenness of wit to grapple successfully with the heroic couplet, nor had he the mental robustness to depart from his models and to strike out a line for himself more congenial to his proper temper. One must not forget that he enjoyed a considerable reputation in the circle of which the authors of 'The Rape of the Lock' and of 'The Shepherd's Week' were ruling spirits. Gray, on the other hand, called him "the dunghill of Irish Grub Street." He contributed an "Essay on Homer" to Pope's translation of the 'Iliad,' and himself attempted a rendering of the 'Batrachomuiomachia.' Unfortunately the gods had denied him the gift of humour with that of inspiration. He also translated, without much appreciation of the spirit of the original, that curious memorial of the Latin decadence, the 'Pervigilium Veneris.' It is perhaps the worst of the many endeavours at an impossible literary feat. Parnell is really most happy, which is not saying much, in his simplest and least ambitious mood. Of such pieces as "A Hymn to Contentment" Mr. Aitken's criticism is just, "His versification is musical and fluent, and if we sometimes wish that there were more passion or warmth of feeling, we must admit the refined sentiment of his 'sweetly moral lay.'" EDMUND K. CHAMBERS.

THE JUNGLE BOOK.*

'The Jungle Book' is made up of story and song, both of them rich in vitality and imagination. But every time a verse occurs as the heading of a chapter one is inclined to think that Mr. Kipling should write nothing else, so instinctive is his power over vigorous rhythm, and so vivid are his ballad pictures. This "Night-Song in the Jungle" is only meant to tune you up to the pitch of the story that follows:

"Now Chil the Kite brings home the night,
That Mang the Bat sets free;
The herds are shut in byre and hut,
For loosed till dawn are we.
This is the hour of pride and power,
Talon and tusk and claw,
Oh, hear the call! good hunting all
That keep the Jungle Law!"

But we want more of it, and begin the prose in a depressed condition till we come to the great meeting of the pack at the Council Rock, where the Free People are met to judge if the foundling man-cub Mowgli shall be given up to the terrible Shere Khan the tiger. It is a great scene, the hill-tops covered with stones and boulders, the bright moon shining, and Akela, the gray Lone Wolf, who led the pack, crying from his rock: "Ye know the Law, ye know the Law; look well, O Wolves!" There is another fine scene at the Council Rock years later, when Mowgli has gone back to his own kind, has grown strong enough to kill Shere Khan, and comes back to spread the great tiger's skin on the rock, and pegs it down for Akela to sit on. "Akela lay down upon it, and called the old call to the Council, 'Look, look well, O Wolves!' but the old times have gone, the pack is disorganized, and though they cry to Akela and to the man-cub to lead them again into their former greatness, Bagheera, the wise panther, says it may not be. 'Not for nothing are ye called the Free People. Ye fought for freedom, and it is yours. Eat it, O Wolves!'" There is something sternly grand about all the Mowgli stories. Imaginative children, whether or not they follow the narrative with perfect comprehension, will be impressed and even awe-struck by the solemnity and dignity of jungle life as Mr. Kipling paints it.

Of the habits of the animals, of the scenes amidst which they live, he has a marvellous knowledge. It is this picturesque knowledge, joined to a vigorous interpretation of, not their own character, but the ideal nature he has constructed for them, a nature at once remote and familiar to us, that makes the success and the fascination of the stories. Man, without his intellectual power, but with his natural faculties of sight and hearing infinitely intensified, and without the enfeeblement, the deceit, the pettiness that are the fruits of his civilisation, would be something like this conception of the beast that obeys the Jungle Law. We are grotesquely reminded here and there of the ideals of Rousseau and the natural state idealists. Their primitive man they would have desired to be like Mr. Kipling's loyal beasts.

There are stories in the book where he is not at his highest point of vigour. "The White Seal" comes near to being a failure, and so does "Servants of the Queen." The adventures of "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi," the mongoose that fought with Nag the cobra and Nagaina his wife, are too deadly to be amusing, and the glamour of imagination does not play round them to turn the terror into fascination. The temperature of one's admiration having been reduced by these, we find several other things to wonder at, not all admiringly. Mr. Kipling cannot resist opportunities of political allusion; indeed invents them. And his love for playing the schoolmaster grows on him. It is this quality that is at the bottom of the imperfect sympathy which runs parallel in many readers' minds with a warm admiration for him. The pedagogue in him hides under free and vigorous and unconventional speech, but he is mostly there. Were he to fall asleep a bit oftener, and let some careless, lawless fellow take his place, if even only for a few minutes, Mr. Kipling's range of understanding of human nature would be greatly widened.

But grumbling at Mr. Kipling's temperament is not very relevant here. It does not greatly offend in 'The Jungle Book.' More to the purpose is it to point to the feats of imagination in these beast stories. Next to the three Mowgli tales, for great qualities, comes "Toomai of the Elephants." Toomai is a little boy who saw what few believed in, and none had seen, the great "dance of the elephants at night and alone in the heart of the Garo hills." He was on the back of the tame elephant Kala Nag that he tended, and when Kala Nag got the signal for the dance the boy was borne away, up the wooded hill, through the thick underwood, through the bed of a river to a space of three or four acres, where the grass was trampled and hard. The assembling elephants crashed through the trees and entered the dance-place, and rolled their eyes, and tossed their trunks, and clicked their tusks, and flicked their great tails. "Then an elephant trumpeted, and they all took it up for five or ten terrible seconds. The dew from the trees above spattered down like rain on the unseen backs, and a dull booming noise began, not very loud at first, and little Toomai could not tell what it was; but it grew and grew, and Kala Nag lifted up one fore-foot and then the other, and brought them down on the ground, one-two, one-two, as steadily as trip-hammers. The elephants were stamping altogether now, and it sounded like a war-drum beaten at the mouth of a cave. The dew fell from the trees till there was no more left to fall, and the booming went on, and the ground rocked and shivered, and Little Toomai put his hands up to his ears to shut out the sound. But it was all one gigantic jar that ran through him—this stamp of hundreds of heavy feet on the raw earth. . . . The morning broke in one sheet of pale yellow behind the green hills, and the booming stopped with the first ray, as though the light had been an order." It is a magnificent sight that Toomai saw that night when the favour of the elephant-folk and of the gods of the jungle was with him. Mr. Kipling has some splendid visions. For all his love of discipline and order, it is when his spirit gets away into the wilder paths of nature and human nature that he touches real greatness. G-Y.

* 'The Jungle Book.' By Rudyard Kipling. With illustrations by J. L. Kipling, W. H. Drake, and P. Frenzemy. 6s. (Macmillan.)

THE HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE HOLY LAND.*

Since an instalment of this volume appeared in the *Expositor* its publication has been awaited with high expectations. The literature on the subject is already very extensive, of all kinds and qualities; but this book will take and fill its own place.

A generation ago Dr. Thomson gave us his popular volume, 'The Land and the Book' and supplied, to the ordinary reader of the Authorised Version of Scripture, an invaluable record of the observations of one who had lived in the land for a quarter of a century. The time had come for a like service to be rendered to the Bible student. If Bible study is to be increasingly fruitful, it must be securely rooted in the land of its history; and more is needed now than the noting of interesting agreements between the Book as it is and the Land as it is. Men ask, what was the Land in these long and changing centuries during which the Book was being formed; and do the sections into which criticism divides the Book agree with the condition of the Land at the dates to which it assigns them? Few men are as well equipped for this task as Dr. Smith, and his volume most satisfactorily meets the present demand. The extensive reading to which every page witnesses, the exact scholarship manifested throughout, the fairness of judgment in writing on disputed topics, combine to give quite exceptional value to this book.

The *first* "Book" treats of the land as a whole in a most helpful and interesting manner. Chapter 4 is specially fresh and valuable. We miss here a summary of the general condition of the land in the earliest times, such as Sayce affords in the fourth chapter of his 'The Higher Criticism and the Monuments," and hope Dr. Smith will supply this in a future edition. We doubt if Syria should be called the birthplace of Monotheism (p. 113) or even its "cradle" (p. 31). In Palestine, under Jehovah's fostering care, it no doubt attained its full strength, but surely its birthplace and cradle were farther east.

The *second* Book is occupied with Western Palestine, and is a library of information on the subject. The notes are specially worthy of the student's attention. If we have any fault to note, it is that the ordinary reader finds himself too often assumed to be as well up on the subject as Dr. Smith himself. This part of the book, even to those who are tolerably familiar with the ground, is full of suggestive hints, some of which one would like to see more fully worked out. If Dr. Smith is correct, as we have no doubt he is, in his interpretation of the expressions in Deuteronomy regarding "the diseases of Egypt" (p. 157 ff.), these passages must belong to a time when, as dwellers in Canaan, the Israelites had learned by experience to be "afraid of them." His recognition of the name of the hill Mizar in Khurbet Mezâra, close to Hermon, is a real light on Psalm xlii. 6; and such felicitous observations as occur (p. 495) regarding the scene of the Baptist's preaching have the force of evidence to the historicity of the Gospel narrative. Perhaps the chapter on Sychar might go, in a future edition, like the discussion of Stade's theory of the Israelite invasion, to the Appendix. Such polemics are ephemeral, and this volume is of permanent value. As regards Stade's theory, which rests mainly on a supposition as to the capability of the Israelites under Joshua to conquer Canaan, it has surely received its death-blow from the Tell El Amarna letters, which prove the shattered tribes in Canaan to have been in no position to withstand any serious assault. Does it deserve so much attention?

Book III., treating of Eastern Palestine, is the freshest and most valuable part of the book. The field is yet unexhausted, and Dr. Smith has added much to our knowledge of its geography and understanding of its history, and intensified our desire to know more. We trust this book will be widely read, and diligently used by preachers and teachers, so that they may understand the Land and its history, and we hope it will stimulate some to aid in the thorough exploration of the many "Tells" which mark the sites of Canaan. There is yet very much to be dug up.

The maps in the volume are worthy of it. It is really refreshing to get a decent map of that Land on such a scale, and so beautifully executed; and we are glad to see that a Biblical Atlas is promised. Perhaps we may ask why Ænon is placed as it is on Map v. Surely Vandevelde's identification of it is not supported. Is not the position at *Ainun* 10 m. S.W. far more probable; and does not its location there throw an interesting light on our Lord's reason for taking the eastern branch of the north road (p. 375), which led Him where the Baptist was (John iii. 23) at a time when there was a risk of misunderstanding through the jealousy of John's disciples (John iv. 1)?

A Biblical Atlas under the care of so competent a scholar as Dr. Smith, executed by Mr. Bartholomew in the style of the maps in this volume, will be the most valuable addition possible to the library of the Bible student. We hope it will be produced at a price that will put it within the reach of every one. Dr. Smith's book will prepare his readers to appreciate it.

ARCHD. HENDERSON.

* 'The Historical Geography of the Holy Land.' By George Adam Smith, D.D. (London: Hodder and Stoughton)

THE SHAKESPEARE STUDIES OF DR. T. S. BAYNES.*

A real boon is conferred on a great many lovers of Shakespeare by the collective re-publication of the late Dr. Spencer Baynes's scattered contributions to Shakespeare literature. They comprise his excellent biography of Shakespeare, which, as it has hitherto been accessible only in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' was beyond the reach of book-buyers of ordinary means. The other Shakespeare studies are "What Shakespeare learned at School," "Shakespeare Glossaries," and "New Shakespearean Interpretations," three papers hidden away in old numbers of reviews and magazines. Dr. Baynes's 'Life of Shakespeare' was pronounced "a splendid essay" by the most diligent and productive of the poet's modern biographers, Halliwell-Phillips, and such a judge as the late Professor Minto spoke of it as "far and away the most suggestive biography of Shakespeare yet written," "a brilliant piece of writing," "a perfect picture of the man." To produce this last result, much more than to add another to the innumerable criticisms and analyses of the plays, was Dr. Baynes's aim, and his success was great.

The second paper in the volume, "What Shakespeare learned at School," has other and not less distinctive merits. It contains the results of much long, patient, and laborious research into what it is now customary to call "secondary education," in the provinces during the reign of Elizabeth. Dr. Baynes proved it to be not merely possible but probable that Shakespeare was fairly grounded in the Latin classics before he left school at Stratford, and he showed both how much and in what way the poet must have taught himself after he left it. Nothing can be more conclusive than Dr. Baynes's demonstration, based partly on the plays, but more on Venus and Adonis and the Rape of Lucrece, that Shakespeare had a first-hand and intimate knowledge of writings of Ovid which were not translated into English when those early poems appeared. Nor are we aware that they have been ascribed to Lord Bacon by even the craziest advocates of the Baconian authorship of the plays, an absurd hypothesis, the supporters of which alleged that Shakespeare could not have written them because he was from first to last ignorant and illiterate. The good sense, the acuteness, and the thorough knowledge of whatever could elucidate his subject which are displayed throughout the volume show how much was lost to Shakespeare literature by the death of the author. At the time of its occurrence, his friend and colleague at St. Andrews, that accomplished Hellenist, Professor Lewis Campbell, tells us in his interesting and sympathetic memoir, Dr. Baynes was engaged in the preparation of other disquisitions, which with those now republished would have formed a complete cycle of literary illustrations of Shakespeare's life and work.

F. ESPINASSE.

* 'Shakespeare Studies,' etc. By the late Thomas Spencer Baynes, LL.D., Professor of Logic, Metaphysics, and English Literature in the University of St. Andrews, Editor of the Ninth Edition of the Encyclopædia. With a biographical preface by Professor Lewis Campbell. (London: Longmans. 1894.)

MY PARIS NOTE-BOOK.*

Mr. Vandam's 'Paris Note-Book' is neither very dignified nor very amiable, but a reader, unless his hatred of gossip be of the austerest sort, will read on to the end. The faculty of listening with indiscriminate attentiveness, of gathering news and retailing it with vivacity, the confidence in the power of anything personal to interest and divert, that mark the old memoir writer and the new journalist, these are Mr. Vandam's in a high degree. The watcher for and dispenser of news must not be wronged by being thrust into the position of an authoritative witness on any subject whatsoever. He has always looked at things too nearly to take in the whole scene of which they are part, and in his sight-seeing scrimmage he has often received digs and thrusts which make it difficult for him to retain an equable and impartial mind. The proper attitude from which to regard such books as this, is to read and extract all the amusement possible from the statements and stories, and to let the conclusions alone.

It is an amalgamation of two note-books. One was that of the author's uncles, two Dutch army surgeons, who came to Paris after Quatre Bras and Waterloo, and never left it again alive. They became Parisians in all but in name, enjoyed the esteem of Louis Napoleon, and had free entry to the Tuileries when he became Emperor. The other note-book is his own, and refers to more recent events. In dealing with his uncles' notes perhaps he omitted the malice; perhaps there was none to omit. In his own he has retained it, and something that is petty besides. With his political opinions no reasonable person will quarrel. His objection to the Republic is conceivable on intellectual, high political, and moral grounds. But he should fight with better weapons. It hardly affects us one way or the other to hear that among the fifteen or twenty thousand pounds worth of diamonds on the seven or eight wives of the bigwigs of the Chamber whom he describes, "there was not a single ornament or jewel but what might have been purchased *séance tenante* at any first-rate shop in the Rue de la Paix, or on the Boulevard des Capucines." The ruling women of the Third Republic may be *bourgeoises*, but both their virtues and their talents were hardly likely to be discovered in the salon of the Englishwoman, Mr. Vandam's hostess, who with aristocratic insolence seems to have invited them to make mock of them, and have them mocked by her supercilious journalist guest. A writer of fiction with a lighter pen than Mr. Vandam's might make a good deal out of this chapter of social satire. But the vanities, the plebeian ambitions, the ostentations, would be all the more effectively shown up to ridicule, were the satirist possessed of something more than a superficial understanding of the workings of the hearts of his victims, of the meaning of the social changes that have brought the *bourgeoises* into their present position. On a much lower level, but more amusing, because bordering on the farcical, are the stories of the mistakes made in the conduct of the social functions of the Third Republic. They are all very trivial, but some of them are very funny, and if no contribution to a comparative knowledge of the various forms of government, it would be prudish solemnity not to laugh and enjoy the comic blunders of M. Mollard, and the tragic tale of the squashed silk hats.

The author of the 'Note-Book' has a remarkable talent for portraiture. His portraits are certainly not made from an impersonal point of view. The opinion and prejudice of the painter count for a good deal in the expression and attitude of the sitters; but they are vigorous, clever, and interesting for all that. Students of the lighter side of French politics will find it well worth their while to let him point out and describe the characteristics of his representative group of present-day politicians. If only he could grasp the greater and profounder sides of what he dislikes he would be an excellent chronicler. In his graver moods he can sum up his own observations and conclusions with admirable directness. His picture of Thiers is a caricature; his picture of MacMahon, about whom there are more funny stories than are attached to any other modern Frenchman, not one of which, however, the 'Note-Book' mentions, is idealised beyond recognition; and yet one reads with interest his summary of the motives of the four Presidents in accepting office. "M. Thiers wanted both the power and the money. Marshal MacMahon wanted neither the power nor the money. M. Grévy was indifferent to the power, but anxious for the money. M. Carnot is indifferent to the money, but likes the power."

After all one turns back to the uncles' note-book, and to the nephew's non-political recollections for the best interest of the book. There are some racy stories of Victor Emmanuel. They are not of the kind that get into official biographies, but rather represent him as an untamed savage. Nevertheless he used hair-dyes, but only with the military object of making himself look more ferocious. There is also the story of the Emperor's admiration of Mazarin because he rouged on his death-bed, an interesting bit of indirect evidence on the famous dispute about his own complexion on the day of Sedan. Recollections, very sympathetic, of Renan, others more trivial about MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, about Got, and the other actors of the Français, fill many pleasant pages in the first part of the book. Of Paul de Kock, that almost forgotten story-teller, there are some amiable reminiscences and one charming picture of his habits. "When engaged upon a serious chapter—I use the word 'serious' in the comparative sense—he never failed to 'get into' a blue frock-coat of military cut, and ornamented with frogs—a coat such as was still worn within my recollection by some of the veterans of the First Empire when in *mufti*. When the subject had to be treated in the lighter vein he wrapped himself in a blue flannel dressing-gown, and jauntily poised an elaborately-embroidered smoking-cap with a marvellous gold tassel on his head."

The note-book harbours much scandal, much gossip, many trivialities. But it would be ungracious to fail to acknowledge that the chance of skipping is not likely to be taken advantage of, and that it will provide ample amusement for any two hours that may be given up to it.

* 'My Paris Note-Book.' By the author of 'An Englishman in Paris.' 14s. (Heinemann.)

JAMES MACPHERSON AND OSSIAN.*

This is not altogether a superfluous book, inasmuch as it contains a few new, or hitherto inaccessible, things. But it is so far unsatisfactory that it is mainly a compilation where something quite other than a compilation was wanted. A good book on Ossian by one who should be both a Gaelic scholar and a sympathetic literary critic, would be timely at this stage of the revival of interest in Celtic literature. Perhaps this one may bring forth a better. Yet up to a certain point it is admirable, for Mr. Bailey Saunders is an excellent workman, as his translations of Schopenhauer and of Goethe's 'Maxims' amply prove. And here there is no slovenliness, no incoherence. The defects of the book are fully explained by Mr. Saunders' confession in the preface, that his interest in the subject is a recent one, that becoming curious about the quarrel of Johnson and Macpherson, he "got up" the subject so far as a man could without a knowledge of Gaelic, and then, to place the facts clearly in his mind, wrote a book. Very diligently has he gone to all the sources of information, to Horne, and Hume, and Johnson, and Blair, and to the Report of the Highland Society's Committee appointed to inquire into the matter; and the gist of all the evidence is given with great impartiality and admirable lucidity. To obtain a clear idea of what the quarrel was about, Mr. Saunders' book could not be improved upon, unless in the direction of giving rather more of the evidence of the witnesses examined by the Highland Society. But another popular statement of the case, it should be acknowledged, has been made with equal care, if not equal lucidity, by Mr. Eyre Todd in his introduction to Ossian in the Canterbury Poets, published some years ago. Mr. Saunders has added a great many particulars of Macpherson's life, having had access to private papers. He sets a good deal of store on his biographical

* 'Life and Letters of James Macpherson,' containing a particular account of his famous quarrel with Dr. Johnson, and a sketch of the origin and influence of the Ossianic poems. By Bailey Saunders. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

facts, evidently thinking that the character and career of Macpherson are important considerations in the literary dispute. His political adventures have their interest, and for completeness' sake it was well to chronicle them, perhaps; but his political conduct really throws no light at all on the Ossian point. He was probably a fascinating rascal, capable of as much evil as his enemies credited him with, but, clever rascal as he was, not capable of a work of such genius. For the reproduction of Romney's interesting portrait, however, one cannot but be grateful.

There is work still, and indeed especially now, for a book by a Gaelic scholar on the subject, which should not only revise and summarise the investigations and criticisms made during Macpherson's lifetime and shortly after his death, but also the researches in Ossianic poetry and legend made since then by Campbell, Clerk, and many other scholars both in Scotland and Ireland. Mr. Saunders is probably right in thinking that the average educated Englishman still looks on Macpherson as a shameless forger who was found out by Dr. Johnson, and it is to put the average educated Englishman in possession of the facts that he has written. But on reading the small portions that are given up to criticism, it strikes me that he also writes a little too much in the spirit of the average man, and Mr. Saunders' exceptional cultivation being considered, this can only be due to the fact that he is venturing on rather unfamiliar ground. His criticism is vague, and whether favourable or adverse, half-hearted. Yet the main interest of the subject lies here, and does not even depend on a knowledge of Gaelic. That Macpherson cooked the originals to a tremendous extent there can be no manner of doubt. His own temperament would allow it, and the temper of the age, in regard to matters of scholarship, being carping rather than critical, would not have been a bar to him. But the fact remains that, from scattered fragments, lines, legends, and names, he constructed a series of poems altogether extraordinary for their poetical merit and for their remoteness from the literary traditions of the day. Of their influence on foreign literature, of their untimeliness in England, coming as they did just after the Jacobite rebellion, when Scotchmen were hated and despised, as likewise of their general merit, Mr. Saunders seems fully aware. But he does not make what would have been particularly interesting, a thorough examination of the dross and the gold in them. To sift the high-flown nonsense from the exquisite gems in Macpherson's Ossian might tempt any lover of poetry; though he had best be a Celt, for there is something of Dr. Johnson in every Saxon, and that means a very honest incapacity for believing in the existence of certain things that move the very heart and soul of whole races. When the history of literary criticism is written, there will be many strange and secret revelations, but nothing will be stranger than that open plunging of Dr. Johnson into a controversy in which he warred as intelligently as a colour-blind man would discourse on hues and tones.

Turning over the poems rapidly, one catches sight of fragments like these, "He led wide-skirted battle, and the strangers failed;" "He left the land of his fathers. He chose his place in silence. His race came forth in their years; they came forth to war, but they always fell. The wound of my fathers is mine, king of echoing isles." "He is returned with his fame! I feel the right hand of his wars! But I must rest beside the rock till my soul returns from my fear!" "My soul was a stream that flowed at pleasant sounds." "Our youth is like the dream of the hunter on the hill of heath. He sleeps in the mild beams of the sun; he awakes amidst a storm." A poet of a freer day than Johnson's would find a thousand suggestions. Macpherson was one of the great translators of the world, and his poetical gifts must have been considerable that his rendering should have been so full of beauty. But the voice he echoed was a lonely one that had for its companion the wind on the heath. Had the stories of heroes and the mystic dreams of beauty first been born in his own mind he would not have turned afterwards into a docile party pamphleteer, a political schemer and adventurer. G-Y.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BOY.*

The cleverest novel of some months ago, 'Mr. Bailey-Martin,' was the autobiography of a cad. It was a keen and witty analysis of a familiar type, equally compounded of fool, snob, and scoundrel. We do not for a moment suggest any strong likeness between Mr. White's clever story and Mr. Street's, but the latter has called up recollections of the earlier on several of its pages. The boy is so different from Mr. Bailey-Martin, socially and mentally, that they seem to belong to separate worlds. The boy would have looked at the other with magnificent superciliousness, and would have found him far too fatiguingly crude in his aspirations to be a worthy subject of study. Their kinship he would have dismissed with a smile of pity. But they are nearly related all the same, though their surfaces are of a different texture. The "boy" is a weary child, sickening before the rude, noisy vigour, the *banal* morality and prejudices of a vulgar world with a blunt edge to its mind. Yet he is calmly tolerant, far more patient, for all the wounds to his sensitive nature, than his coarse-tempered duns are with him.

He travels one day in the same railway carriage with his old schoolmaster—who, by-the-bye, had dismissed him; but the pupil was magnanimous. "I may seem to presume on too slight an acquaintance, but from boyhood you have interested me, Baxter," I [the ex-pupil] said, leaning forward and tapping him on the knee, and speaking familiarly as to an equal. "Baxter, do you never feel that your life is wasted?" The end of the interview may be guessed from the boy's resolution never again to fight against the perversity of an older generation.

He has to dine alone with his father one evening. The dinner is not all an idealist might desire, and it is eaten in silence. (The boy has almost given up trying to be his father's companion.) At the end the old man bursts out, "'I want to know how long this sort of thing's to go on.' I smiled at his simplicity. 'Dismissing a dependant is an ungracious action,' I said, 'but surely not an impossible. I will support you, and I'm sure she cannot defend this dinner.' 'Don't pretend to be a greater fool than you are. How long do you propose to loaf about town?'" This was not what the boy, with his refined instincts, expected, and in his reply there is reference to his "gift of song," and the possibilities of living on a crust in a garret. "'It's my belief, Harry,' replied the vulgar parent, 'that when you can't cadge any longer, you'll steal.' I thought it best to indulge him with a laugh and to end the interview."

The boy was too subtle to be an iconoclast. He would have liked the Church if its servants had had a sense of their æsthetic responsibilities. To Fairford, a parson, he said one day, "I will not, of course, speak to you of your faith; that would be obtrusive and unnecessary; besides, in many ways, your faith is charming. It is in you, in the outward Fairford, that I would like to see a difference. You have many excellent qualities, my good Fairford, but you are not mediæval. . . . You laugh; you sing great noisy songs; you say you would shoot if you had time. All that is wrong. You should never speak above a murmur; I think you should not be seen save in the dimness of twilight." The parson's fist came out of the twilight and knocked him down, and from his mouth came no "murmur," but a loud, boisterous laugh.

One of his chief grievances against the lower classes—of whom he had once set up an ideal, imagining them at least to be free from prejudices, and revelling in a fine liberty of thought and action and morals—is that they, too, inquired into, are found to be riddled with respectability. When he affably talks criminality to them they feel insulted. But perhaps he received no deeper wound than from Gwendolen, to whom he was devoted with a most interesting and subtle devotion, made up of inconstancy and contempt. At the time of his banishment to Canada by his family, she was married in a vulgarly happy fashion. "That she should fail me when the crisis came," he reflects, "and refuse to go with me to a freer life across the seas pained me bitterly." "Perhaps, though," he continues, "she was right artistically: the idea was rather conventional and trite."

* 'The Autobiography of a Boy. Passages Selected by His Friend, G. S. Street.' (E. Mathews.)

Mr. Street, in introducing his selections from the journal of the Cad Æsthetic, hints that he was not so perfect in his freedom from commonplace morality as he gives himself out to be, that he posed just a little. But the root of the matter was in him, and it is in a good many more. Very deftly is he presented: the pictures of him are timely, happy, and humorously wise.

NOVEL NOTES.

YOUNG SAM AND SABINA. By Tom Cobbleigh. Pseudonym Library. (Unwin.)

When 'Gentleman Upcott's Daughter' appeared there was the promise at once of a picturesque historian for Somerset. It was so full of local lore, colour, and enthusiasm that you felt it was not fated to be a mere isolated story but one of a series which should illustrate and make familiar that picturesque bit of England. 'Young Sam and Sabina' comes to reassure us on the point. This little idyll of the Somersetshire moors is, like the earlier one, the work of a rare artist. Perhaps merely as narrative one cannot rank it higher than, if as high, as the other. But in workmanship it is a great advance even on a story that was remarkable for the charm and truth of its detail. It would be pleasant to quote at length from these rustic pictures, and a little space is well employed in setting down some scenes from the Christmas Eve party at the Church Farm. "So the great ashen faggot was lifted upon the hearth, and the eager flames leapt up around it, licking with their red tongues the hazel binds. Now the glory of the ashen faggot was this, when a bind burst, sometimes with a mighty crack, casting bright sparks and splinters out into the room; and the women shrieked and pushed back their chairs, and the men threw back their heads and laughed—then, and not till then, the cup was handed round, and everybody drank his best without loss of time, so that it might be drained and filled again before the next explosion." Later in the evening came the wassailing of the apple-trees. "The farmer had brought the sodden toasts from the evening's carousals, and now placed them in the 'vork' of the tree. Then the company repeated the ancient formula—

'Apple-tree, apple-tree
I do wassail thee
To blow an' to bear
Cap-vulls an' hat-vulls an' dree
bushel-bag-vulls
An' my pockets vull, too.'

Then they cheered and fired their guns, with such infinite success that even Christopher's old flint-lock went off—after a brief interval. And thus, please God, was an admirable apple crop insured, and the proceedings came to an end. Yet not quite to an end. There is a peculiar witchery about the moonlight glancing between apple-trees. It seems to dance and sparkle upon the branches, and yet in the shadow the ground is black as night." But a little space must be left for general comment. The main story is the old one of a girl's choice between the strong love of a simple loyal nature and the delicate and fascinating attentions of a lover of higher caste but less certain sincerity. The peasant wins, for the girl is but trying her power, and discovering her preference for truth and stability, while she is listening to the pleasant words of Ashford. Side by side with the love story of Sam and Sabina runs another, strange, subtle, and fulfilling that promise of delicate interpretation of character given in 'Gentleman Upcott's Daughter.' Christopher Chislett and Sophia Sharman, the elderly lovers who fell apart because Christopher's love, strong as it was, was yet no match for the cunning of his character, diverts a good deal of the interest of the story from the younger pair. Middleney, where the scenes are laid, is described as "the pleasantest, most unsophisticated village that ever smelt of gilliflowers or heard the sound of three church bells." But in this unsophisticated village there is ample opportunity for a student of human nature. "Tom Cobbleigh" reads his peasants with humour and sympathy, and the outdoor world has in him, too, a charming painter.

TALES OF THE YORKSHIRE WOLDS. By J. Keighley Snowden. 2nd edition. (Sampson Low.)

This time these tales are sent out to the world in the trim and sightly guise which the Chiswick Press contrives to give to all the books that put themselves into its hands. Still, about the roughness of the earlier edition, printed by the author, there was a personal and special value for those who see real beauty and strength in the stories themselves. These ought not to be few. Mr. Snowden has hardly mastered his craft yet, but there is a promise on every page that in him Yorkshire country life will soon have an interpreter of rare faithfulness and ability. Already his special powers and his temperament can be read plainly in his work. They may be summed up as consisting in a keen understanding and delight in rough northern vigour and humour, and a still keener sympathy and insight into the pathos of rural life. Mr. Snowden is an idealist in temper, but his materials have been culled direct and fearlessly from a life in which there is much that is harsh and unlovely. He neither hides nor gloats over the unloveliness. There are crafty folks and mad folks in his tales, and some that are silly, and weak, and cruel, but living in their company, and having their secret histories told, and the odd corners in their minds pointed out, you do not think the worse of human nature, but probably find it much less dull than before. Mr. Snowden's strongest point may sometimes be his weakness. He puts feelers out to seek the pathos of life perhaps a trifle too frequently, but there is grit in him, and he does not often come near the borders of the sentimental. Of the stories in the volume we are inclined to rate highest, "An Idyl of Wharfedale," "Doase," and "A Heap of Quartz." The first is a tale of how, from an old man's jealousy lest his daughter should leave him, was born an ugly calumny of her lover that nearly wrecked her life; the second is only about the friendship between a poor feckless village character and his ugly dog; and the third is a marvellously vivid description of what existence means to men buried in a mine. But other tales, less good as a whole, have living characters in them not easily forgotten, Enoch, the gentle poet, for instance, and Willie Simpson, the lover of the "Angel" barmaid, strange mixture of chivalry, romance, and parsimony. Mr. Snowden's book is one to rouse more than a reader's interest. It will also draw out his friendliness.

THE DANCING FAUN. By Florence Farr. (Mathews and Lane).

A story that aims at strong effects should be pleased to produce them. One strong effect 'The Dancing Faun' is calculated to produce, profound depression. The book is the symptom of a malady to which the weaker-fibred writers of the present day are peculiarly susceptible. They are succumbing to it one by one. The malady is not wickedness, though it is distressing to have to say so, but is rather a hysterical desire to be accounted wicked. Physicians are familiar with the delusions and confessions of weak-minded patients who crave the notoriety of criminals, and who are sometimes put under mild restraint. The thing is invading fiction now. Is there no restraint, no treatment to which the writers of it can be legally subjected? On the contrary, publishers receive it, and give it the flattery of charming type and binding.

This is the opening of 'The Dancing Faun,' and its cleverest passage:

"'Yes, Lady Geraldine, the only beauty in modern life is its falsehood. Its reality is ridiculous.'

"'Truth always was undignified, Mr. Travers.'

"'Just so; that is why the art of life consists in not realising the truth,' replied the man, with charming languor.

"'You are the first person I have met who has dared put these things into words,' murmured the woman."

This is cheap, but at least it promises a cynic wit that might amuse an idle quarter of an hour. The promise is not kept. It leads to a story, weak, malformed, ugly. The Lady Geraldine thinks Travers a genius, and resolves to marry him. She is still resolved to be devoted, far more so, when he has been proved a low adventurer, a card sharper, and a married man. She puts her honour and fortune in his hands. He is willing to accept the money, but thinks on the whole he will make more out of his wife, who is an actress of talent. So the Lady Geraldine, at this reception of her offers, shoots him dead, and then goes back and lives happy that she has done so, which, on the whole, is reasonable enough. The verdict being suicide, there are no in-

convenient consequences for her. The frivolity of the conception is monstrous. Of passion there is not a trace. "The only way she could think of to show how different she was from the rest of her sex was to cultivate her instincts, and let them lead her whither they would." That, not passion, is the prelude to the murder. Now genuine wit would have flashed a light of sanity into the weak places, and shown up to good purpose the sickly absurdity of Lady Geraldine. Miss Farr need not have preached sermons to have made a satire of it. Whatever its intention, its performance is so weak that it has not earned any name so definite or honourable as satire. And failure in this kind of thing is unforgiveable. It is a frivolous echo of wickedness, a mere toying with immorality. The habit of mind that produces such books is, we believe, partly owing to the confused idea abroad that cynicism and indefiniteness in morality are highly creditable to the intellect, and closely connected with art. But a little examination of the favourite literature of highly respectable Philistines, the works of the authoress of 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' say, or of Miss Yonge, will show a very much higher level of intellect, knowledge of life, and perhaps a keener instinct for the essentials of art, than can be found in the books of which 'The Dancing Faun' is a type. In justice to Lady Geraldine, let us admit that her questioning of the code in which cheating at cards is the blackest crime is vigorous and wholesome. We regret that it is on anything so *banal* as a moral point that we have an opportunity for commendation.

JACK'S PARTNER and Other Stories. By Stephen Fiske. (Gay and Bird.)

Mr. Hatton, who writes an introduction to this volume of stories, reminds us that Mr. Fiske used to be well known in the English journalistic world as editor of *The Hornet* and *The Home Jonrnal*, and that he is still an active writer in New York. The stories published to revive the remembrance of him on this side the Atlantic, are light, bright, and some of them graceful. They are a trifle thin, but each has a point which it comes to in a business-like way. They are of the quality that is admirably adapted for railway journey purposes, and as a shilling volume they would have had their best chance.

TIME AND THE PLAYER. By Lewis Hainault. Independent Novel Series. (Unwin.)

This must have been a most exhausting book to write. There are no moments of calm in it at all. Yet there is no noisy sensation; only the most well-bred deadly intensity. It concerns the fortunes of a certain Paul Lefroy, a stockbroker of high lineage and superhuman strength of will, who carried about a tragedy in his soul, and, the better to hide it, secured the services of the very best tailor. He once hurt his head in an accident, and the hurt held a promise of future mischief. He therefore had to make a fortune early, and fortune in the Stock Exchange did not always favour him. With bankruptcy staring him in the face, and the desperate need to save himself, his family, his name, and his pride, before worse should happen, Lefroy has a terrible time of it, and so has anyone who takes an interest in him. You are always catching a glance of the blue steel of the extremely elegant revolver that he keeps handy. You live in the very odour of suicide, whether in his well-appointed offices in Walbrook or in his wife's elegant orange-colour drawing-room. There is a reality in the book, and considerable talent. But Mr. Hainault should not write at such tension. "Paul Lefroy's keen eyes were black with excitement, save for the one patch of white light where the light struck them; his blood was tingling fiercely, and the hand upon his hip trembling slightly. Otherwise his outward demeanour was absolutely passionless. It was always a point of honour with him that it should be so." That passage represents about the lowest temperature of any passage in which Paul is mentioned; and a volume of this tragically restrained intensity is wearing even for those who have not previously got hurt in the head.

RED AND WHITE HEATHER. By Robert Buchanan. (Chatto and Windus.)

This is a wonderful book. Some of the stories in it we had seen before and they had produced a certain impression, but taken together their effect is overpowering. To find cause for their peculiarities set one racking one's brains, but the only reasonable hypothesis we can suggest is, that Mr. Buchanan, much concerned at the great conceit his countrymen have of themselves, resolved, for their good, to lessen it. With so excellent a motive, perhaps his performance should be dealt with charitably. But in the interests of his purpose one might remind him that when caricature oversteps certain limits the laughter is sometimes at the caricaturist, and that his intended victims are wont to join in. Mr. Buchanan has great qualities, but a fine wit has never been of them. Yet he never rollicked with quite such noisy foolishness as in "The Legend of the Mysterious Piper." Beside the piper Mactavish a certain McCrankie of Savoy fame, was realistic. Had his authorship been anonymous, we should have believed that Mactavish was born, not beyond the Grampian line, but in the brain of a Cockney before even the tourist era began. Still, if this is Mr. Buchanan's idea of being funny, no Highlander will care to put a dirk into him because of the quality of his jokes. There is another story, however, in which the jokes are less tolerable, "A Highland Princess." Here the hero is a young poet, a genius, a good man, and, of course, a Lowlander. Many readers will guess who sat for his portrait. The story of his career is pathetic, how he abandons his trade, takes to literature, grinds like a galley slave at his pen, writing what he despises, in order to feed and finance a horde of his wife's greedy Highland relatives. It is, in truth, a heart-rending picture, and for Walter Syme we have the sincerest sympathy. But he and his brother are treated as human beings. That is why we believe in them. The Highland relatives are about as human as dancing-dogs. They are farcical clowns brought on to do service as the villains in a tragedy, and neither their speech nor their manners, nor their whisky do we believe in, because taking the comic stage even as representing the level of real life, they go beyond the requirements or probabilities of that. The skit on Carlyle is a trifle funnier, but not quite finely enough drawn to be in good taste. At the end, having poured out this rude mockery, he waxes sentimental over his God-mother Caledonia's "brave old tartan plaid'!

A CRUEL DILEMMA. By Mary H. Tennyson. 3 vols. (F. Warne.)

Three closely printed volumes full of plot, and yet the plot, though well made, would have been more effective in narrower space. The characters are drawn after elementary patterns. The vain, stupid baronet, tricked by the innocent-faced, sweet-mannered adventuress, the adventuress's black-browed, oblique-eyed, villainous accomplice, the baronet's worthy and most accomplished daughter, the victim of much cruel scheming, need little description and few opportunities for revealing all that is in them. In one thin volume 'A Cruel Dilemma' would have made a good bookstall story; the poisoning attempts would then have been near enough to the daughter's flight from home, and to her subsequent starvation in London and rescue by her lover, and to the final rout of all the wicked, to have ensured a wakeful hour. Miss Tennyson has ready invention, and simple characters she presents vividly. If she would but aim after brevity, she might be a very popular writer of sensational romance.

RICHARD DARE. By Mrs. Alfred Baldwin. 2 vols. (Smith and Elder.)

Mrs. Baldwin writes firmly and pleasantly. Her hero is a sturdy young fellow of the self-helping order, who beginning as the discontented, ill-used son of a drunken blacksmith, rises to be an eminent surgeon. The plot of the story is conventional enough. The hero comes to the rescue of an old gentleman in a street accident, splinters his fractured leg, and so earns his chance of professional study. A girl who had been a far-off vision of beauty and elegance to his youthful eyes, he makes the acquaintance of in after years by saving her poodle from danger in the Park. The drunken blacksmith is converted in the most satisfactory fashion, so that the story may end well. Obviously Mrs. Baldwin has learnt her plot from her own desires and from story-books rather than from life; but her powers in other directions are greater. In dealing with vigorous, downright characters she is excellent, and with one nature of another kind she has been successful—the fascinating Mrs. Peveril, Richard's

early charmer and his later temptation. The good Johanna is worthy, and she and Dare are happy together at this moment, we do not doubt, but her attractions would be greater in real life than they are in fiction. Regarding the general plan and material of Mrs. Baldwin's tale, our final impression is that she has turned the conventional Sunday School prize book into a novel of real human interest and very good workmanship.

THE GRANDEE. By Armando Palacio Valdés. International Library. (Heinemann.)

'The Grandee' is a series of pictures of society life in a provincial town in Spain. The vigorous painting one acknowledges from the first chapter and throughout. The elaborateness with which the lines and lights and colours are put in, each of them meaning something definite, makes it certain that some particular town stood for its portrait, and Mr. Gosse, who writes an introductory note on Valdés, tells us, on the authority of the author, that Lancia is Oviedo, the capital of the province of the Asturias. There is nothing careless—except in the translation, which is indifferent—Valdés's methods being painstaking, industrious, and thorough. But as he seeks his end mainly by descriptive, and very little by dramatic methods, he is often tedious and long-winded. A society so remote from our knowledge, and even from the knowledge of the Spanish capital, demands, it is true, a great deal of detailed description to make its existence more than a shadow. But a stricter selection of types would have given as complete a representation of the life as we could with vividness grasp, and would have left a picture that would have been looked at with less wearied interest. It is a strange society, where pride and gossip, dissipation, brutality, and the most unsophisticated innocence and simplicity, mingle and struggle, a society altogether untouched by modern life, with narrow or with petty interests, shut up in itself, and therefore with no healthy outlet for sorrow when it comes. The Grandee does little but give his name to the book; he is a proud aristocratic nobody, except in so far as he is the husband of the villain of the story, and thus perhaps the obstacle to the more wholesome passion she might otherwise have felt for her lover. Amalia, the villain, fascinating, conscienceless, and brutal, and Luis, Conde de Onis, her lover, soft-hearted and fatally weak, are the main characters. There is great power in the description of how Amalia gains influence over the timid, melancholy, fanatically religious man, makes him cast off Fernanda to whom he had been nearly betrothed, and secures him body and soul, and much subtlety in the manner in which the waning of the influence is traced, when his conscience reasserts itself, which somehow it does contemporaneously with the return of his old love, Fernanda, now more beautiful than ever, and free to marry him. We advise readers to stop there and invent an end for themselves. The rest is so painful that it has no buiness to be set down in fiction. It can serve no end, this tale of fiendish cruelty to a little child, the child of Amalia and Luis, tortured by her brutal mother, who wreaks vengeance on her for the wound to her own vanity caused by her lover's desertion. It is indescribably horrible. If such things are possible, surely the artist's means of preventing the state of mind that could engender them, is by painting the helplessness, innocence, and beauty of children. Or, if he has a miserable tale which he must tell, a suggestion or two would be enough. Why should he empty a whole sack of horrors?

A COSTLY FREAK. By Maxwell Gray. 6s. (Kegan Paul and Co.)

A very well worn plot, the conviction of an innocent, nay, a saintly man, in necessitous circumstances, of theft, has an appearance of novelty and also of absurdity given it by the parts played by a mischievous puppy and a half-witted little maidservant. Of this plot there is no good at all to be said, which makes it all the more extraordinary that everything else in the book is excellent. No, one more exception must be made. The jokes are bad, and the saint's translation of American slang into dignified English, is beyond the simplicity or the ingenuity of a saint. But the characters live, move, and have their being, in a world we can realise. They feel, and act—with the exception of the servant maid and the puppy—and talk, in a way we can always perfectly comprehend and very often enjoy.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

POEMS AND LYRICS OF NATURE. Edited, with an Introduction, by Edith Wingate Rinder. 2s. (W. Scott.)

Nature poems are such a fascinating motive for an anthology, that one's ideal of what such a book should be is high and exacting. Miss Rinder's selection is not very good, though she has compiled a pleasant little book, and one that will be dipped into pretty frequently by those who have not easy access to the collected works of the poets of the day. Why should the selection have been limited to poets of the day? Into the same space could have been gathered much of the really exquisite nature poems from all the ages of English poetry. That would have been an anthology worth making; the rigid selection necessary would have kept the level so high that only a very little portion of what is here would have been eligible. But take the book for what it is, a collection from writers of the day, not including, for various reasons, Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Meredith, and Mr. Henley, but including Mr. Beeching, Miss Blind, Mr. Bridges, Mr. Buchanan, Mr. John Davidson, Professor Dowden, Mr. E. J. Ellis, Michael Field, Mr. Gale, Mr. Lang, Dr. George Macdonald, Mr. Le Gallienne, Mrs. Meynell, Mr. William and Mr. Lewis Morris, the Hon. Roden Noel, Mr. Patmore, Miss Rossetti, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Francis Thompson, Mrs. Hinkson, Mr. William Watson, Mr. Theodore Watts, Mr. Oscar Wilde, and Mr. W. B. Yeats, it is a clear testimony to the power that the outside world has over hearts to-day, and to the sincerity of this note in their song. There is a good deal admitted which is very mediocre, and this is all the more a pity since it means very scanty selections from the really worthy poets. Mr. Fox's ten poems, for instance, one would read with respect and some sympathy in a magazine, but to pick them out for special attention in an anthology seems not the fairest way of dealing with them. Of the verse which is not first-rate, Mr. Stopford Brooke's is the most interesting. There is thought and also a little understood point of view in it—

> "Do you wish the love of Nature?
> Love nor man nor woman
> Passionately! for the Creature
> Hides herself from all that's human."

THE ART OF TAKING A WIFE. By Paolo Mantegazza. 5s. (Gay and Bird.)

Signor Mantegazza has studied his subject from hygienic, racial, and sentimental points of view. He is an enthusiastic believer in the bliss of the married state, under good conditions, and the sum of what he says would doubtless be calculated to have a steadying, moralizing effect on family life, were it not written in a style entirely objectionable, drenched with mawkish sentiment and vulgarity. This will serve as example: "An error of orthography or even of grammar in a feminine handwriting is a wayward little foot, which peeps out from under the skirt of the dress, and hints to us the glories of the sex," and so on, *ad nauseam*. There is so much common sense in some of the doctrines that it is almost a pity the family scenes at the end, meant as awful warnings and tempting encouragements, should, for lack of a little saving humour, be so comic.

OLD CELTIC ROMANCES. Translated from the Gaelic by P. W. Joyce, LL.D. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. (Nutt.)

We believe the first edition of Dr. Joyce's delightful collection has been for some time out of print. This second edition deserves a hearty welcome, for no other book is better able to present in a popular form the spirit and beauty of the old Gaelic stories, 'The Children of Lir,' 'The Voyage of Maildun,' and 'Dermat and Grania.' To the eleven original tales in the collection 'The Voyage of the Sons of O'Corra' has been added. It is a fine, heroic, and spiritual tale of the repentance of the O'Corras for their evil deeds, their reparation, and their voyage through a world of many islands, a kind of Dante's journey, with glimpses of Paradise. May the new edition make a host of new friends, for it is a treasure-house of beautiful things for all whose eyes answer to the subtle and mysterious lights from the Celtic imagination.

EROTICA. By A. C. Kennedy. (Gay and Bird.)

If one does not read every verse in 'Erotica' with delight, one reads most of them with respect for their wholesome sanity. There is no idle tampering with passion; it is the health rather than the disease of love that Mr. Kennedy sings. There are many verses in the collection that strikes one as clumsy and prosaic; and the number of those that charm is small. But there is warmth and there is vividness in the best that will probably last till he has gained a greater mastery of inevitable words. Among the most quotable is "Star Worship";—

"Who so adores a star
Must worship it afar,

Until one day, mayhap,
'Twill drop into his lap.

And, then, for such are men,
He'll cast it forth again.

He only loves a star
Who worships it afar."

ROMANTIC STORIES OF OUR SCOTTISH TOWNS. By W. H. Davenport Adams. 1s. (Morison.)

The plan of this little book is excellent—to stir the memories of deeds and scenes, valiant and picturesque, associated with the ancient towns of Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Falkirk, and Linlithgow. The execution is good, too, from one point of view. The information is precise, clearly set down, and shows a good deal of research in Scottish history and local records. But for a popular book would it not have been much better to have addressed the imagination a little more? The accuracy in facts might have been as great, even if the events had been narrated as pictures rather than as dry chronicles. The section devoted to Aberdeen, for instance, is a very dry skeleton. "Scott's Tales of a Grandfather" should have been the model, and should still be the model for a book on the history of their towns that would surely win the favour of Scots young and old. Mr. Davenport Adams' book is careful and convenient. We had expected to find it interesting.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY. Abridged from the larger work. By W. J. Loftie. Illustrated by Herbert Railton. (Seeley.)

This is a very acceptable abridgment. It contains just as much architectural, historical, and ecclesiastical information as an ordinary reader or sight-seer will desire. It is readable enough to be perused at home, and it is portable enough to be taken on a visit to the Abbey. Mr. Loftie's views on the preservation and the improvement in the arrangements of the Abbey, freely but not too prominently expressed, are worth attention, and Mr. Railton's delicate drawings double the book's value.

A LITTLE CHILD'S WREATH. By Elizabeth Rachel Chapman. (Mathews and Lane.)

An In Memoriam volume is opened with some fear lest the writer should have in unstrung moments done wrong to his own grief. This little book, dedicated to the memory of a little child, reassures us on its first page by its sanity and its simple tenderness. There is no thought in it that the gentle memory of a child would not in all naturalness call up, and there is no garrulity where silence would be more pathetic. Here are a few lines from the 'Wreath':—

"This is the house wherefrom his welcome rang;
There are the wintry walks where he and I
Would pause to mark if a stray robin sang,
Or some new sunset-flame enriched the sky.

Here, where we crossed the dangerous road, and where
Unutterably desolate I stand;
How often, peering through the sombre air,
I felt the sudden tightening of his hand!

Round me the city looms, void, waste and wild,
Wanting the presence of one little child."

THE LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS OF THE ENGLISH LAKES. By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. 2 vols. Each 5s. net. (Maclehose.)

Canon Rawnsley combines two widely different qualifications for writing such a guide-book. He knows every step of the way in the Lake Country, and is an excellent practical guide for those, at least, who are not mere tourists, but who will be led by him to the spots made sacred by the sojourn of the poets and thinkers that found rest and inspiration there. And he knows Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey in that intimate way which includes all their poetry and all the habits of their daily life. The literary associations that cling round them, too, he knows, and to read his pleasant book is like revisiting one's best old friends and finding them as good as ever. It is a delightful book to stay at home with; but a month spent in its company in the Lake Country should be the programme of many a good holiday this summer. It should be said that Vol. 1 deals with Cumberland and Keswick, and Vol. 2 with Westmoreland and Windermere; that Vol. 1 contains a very good map, which purchasers of Vol. 2 can procure for 6d.

SUSSEX. By Augustus J. C. Hare. (George Allen.)

A guide book so full and accurate as this, and at the same time so readable, is very rare. It would be possible to deliberately sit down and read this one, say in Northumberland, and without any immediate prospect of visiting the south coast. That there are spots of very great, and very general, historic interest in Sussex does not all explain this. Mr. Hare, from love and intimate knowledge of his county, and from much experience in the writing of guide books, has learnt how to show the points of romantic, antiquarian, and scenic interest with unfailing skill. The hasty traveller by road, too, will find the particularly definite information he desires not at all lacking. Why is something of the kind not done for other counties? For nearly all of them there is nothing between the county histories in huge folios, mostly out of date, and the cut-and-dried little guide-books, useful to the tourist, perhaps, but unsatisfactory to the dweller.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

REGULATIONS FOR YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN. *(An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.)*

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

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Editor of the Young Author's Page,
'Bookman' Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

A. I. M.—I have not read the long one, but the others I have, and with interest. They are very unequal, but some are distinctly good, and you are justified in your wish to publish them. The poem to R. J. is too long. Some weak portions might be taken out. Your rhymes and metres are occasionally shaky. No. 1 and "Love's Lesson" are imperfect. "Come and Dance," "Disillusion," the "Rhymes," the "Skeleton," and "The Dying Year" I count among the feeble ones. They, or some of them, might be weeded out.

JEAN AUCHYNDACHY.—The ballad spirit is in you, but not the ballad language exactly. In verses 4, 6, 7, and others you might improve the dialect. The change of metre in verse 20 is unusual, and not very happy. Go on.!

AUSTIN.—Correct in metre and sentiment. You might send it to a local paper or a religious journal.

CANDIDATE.—An honest and careful criticism, but very heavy in the wording. "The political opinions of the participators in the masquerade are of diametically opposite natures," is a very polysyllabic way of stating a simple fact. I fear you will not get much employment in this kind of writing till your pen is lighter. Still, that you do think of the structure and motives of the plays with seriousness, is in your favour.

CAVE.—Good. Perhaps a little too orderly and coherent to express its subject fitly. The few irregularities in metre, *e.g.*, on page 4, do not serve the purpose. Still, there is a good deal of force in your verse.

DEO GRACIA.—No. 1 is good, but the second verse needs altering. One has to read it many times to see its meaning. "These our garland" needs a verb. It is hanging loose in the sentence, and one has to finish the construction mentally. This is more of an ellipsis than is allowable. The second is good, too, but line 2 of verse 2 is wrong in metre. You will gain little from any book of rules. Good verse in your head and ear is the best instructor. An anthology of English lyrics—the Golden Treasury one, for instance, or Mr. Bullen's Lyrics from the Elizabethan Song Books, and the Dramatists—would provide you with abundant models.

RAY DEENE.—I would displace your order, A, B, and C. It should, I think, in order of merit, be C, A, B. Your second is too sentimental in expression. Indeed, your feeling is rather apt to run over the border into sentimentality. But the first and third are really good, and the third would have a fair chance of acceptance. In No. 1 the second verse is much the best.

F. G. B.—It is a very bold and original style of poetry you write. Everybody may not like it, but it has individuality. And you get printed, which is everything. But "whisper" and "Mizpah" as rhymes, not the wildest originality can condone.

AGNES GILHAGIE.—Interesting. It needs a great deal of revision. There are needless repetitions, and many poor sentences, but it is worth while taking trouble over.

GREAT HEART.—Not bad. The conversations are the worst, as they suggest the captiousness without the wit, which was doubtless an accompaniment. There is not very much point in it, regarded as a story, but it was doubtless good practice in the bye-ways of story-writing. It shows a certain vivacity, an excellent quality. But one really promising thing is your good nature, for which there are all kinds of uses in literature.

RAY HAMILTON.—Very careful, but tedious. This would have no chance of publication, save at your own expense.

W. HARVEY.—Slight but pretty. It is, however, unfortunate when a lyric has to be annotated, as this one would have to be, for non-botanical readers.

J. B. S.—The incident is a pleasant one. But it is not effectively told, and the MS. does not show signs of literary ability. There are several mistakes in English. "Leisurely" is an adjective, and one is not a "witness" of sounds.

L. M.—Fair, and written in excellent temper. The third line from the end is vague. A newspaper might give it shelter.

ALAN MAR.—Very good news.

EDWARD MARKHAM.—I cannot praise these for poetical or metrical qualities. Strong feelings you undoubtedly have, which you have mistaken for inspiration. But as you will likely wish to revise some of them for your own satisfaction, it would be well to be more definite as to the object of your attack in the last.

MISTRESS KATE.—The attempt to write in an archaic style is not very happy. You should have drenched yourself first in old mariners records—Hakluyt would have served your purpose—or kept to present-day English. How far your attempt is responsible for mistakes in grammar and construction I should have to see your normal writing before I could fully say. But imitation does not account for the fault in this sentence on p. 3, "A cruel three years they were; half-starved and half-clothed, perished by heat and by cold," and several others on the same page and elsewhere. Patriotism surely runs riot on p. 8. The song doesn't sound sixteenth century. You should account for the publication of the MS., if only by the old-fashioned trick of sending it to shore in a bottle. It is not very good, this boyish echo of 'Westward Ho!' You need a great deal of drilling in the building of sentences and in the use of words.

NORMAN.—Not a favourable specimen. There is perhaps more egotism in the expression than in the feelings you want to express. But, at least, the two foolscap pages contain no more than might have been put into three short sentences. And the style is very bombastic. Forget your long words, and have something to say which shall be a thought or a fact, and not a mere vague aspiration. Then there will be some chance for you in journalism.

P. J. B.—Fair. The sentiment is pretty, but the jogging metre does not seem to me to fit the subject very aptly.

SARTOR RESARTUS.—No. 1 describes a pleasant time, but your joy is expressed in rather jingling measures. And why should you be "fettered by chains of gold" in the circumstances? The longer one is better. The words are commonplace enough, but they give an incomplete suggestion of a vision which it was worth while putting into verse. They are not worth trying to publish, but they are far from unpromising.

SCRIBBLEANDI.—I shall wait for the humorous poem before pronouncing a final judgment. The serious ones are not very promising. The first is wordy, the second very jingling in rhythm.

WAMBA.—It is the skeleton of what might be a good short story. There is little workmanship or character reading in it. At present it is very thin, but you might do something with it.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ALEXANDER, S. A.—Christ and Scepticism, 3/6 .....Isbister
[*Addresses delivered in the Temple Church, literal in tone, sympathetic with the aspirations of the day, appealing to Churchmen to be tolerant of the honest attacks on Christianity, and acknowledging the help to be derived by the Church from close association with science and art.*]

Anecdota Oxoniensia: Translation of the Old Testament into the Basque Language, by D'Urte, ed. Thomas, 18/6

BUTLER, W. J.—Meditations on the 119th Psalm, 3/6 ....Skeffington
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MULLER, F. MAX.—Three Lectures on the Vedanta Philosophy, March 1894, 5/-.....
Sacred Books of the East: Vol. 49, Buddhist Mahayana Sutras, 12/6 Oxford Univ. Press
RIBOT, T.—The Diseases of the Will. Translated by M. M. Snell. 75 c.....Open Court Publ. Co., Watts, London
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[*The writers of the notes are a scribe, a Pharisee, and a lawyer. Their points of view, at least their experiences, are different, but they have each something of interest to say and to suggest concerning religious life in Wales.*]

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[*See p.* 121.]
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[*See p.* 120.]
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[*See p.* 116.]
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HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

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[*See p.* 118.]
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[*See p.* 119.]

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BOYLE, F.—From the Frontier, 3/6 .....Chapman & Hall

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[*See p.* 122.]

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New books, in order of demand, as sold between May 15th and June 15th, 1894:—

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1. Ascent of Man. Drummond. 7s. 6d. net.
2. Some Aspects of Disestablishment. Shuttleworth. 3s. 6d. (Innes.)
3. Academy Pictures. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)
4. Yachting. 2 vols. Badminton. 10s. 6d. each. (Longmans.)
5. Lombard Street in Lent. 3s. 6d. (Stock.)
6. Tolstoi's Boyhood. 480 pp. 1s. (Stock.)
7. *Physicians' Testimony to Christ. 6d. (Christian Evidence Society.)

* This was misprinted 6s. last month.

Things dull in the E.C. district, but still steady sale for Kidd's 'Social Evolution,' Smith's 'Historical Geography of the Holy Land,' Brooke's 'Tennyson,' etc.

MANCHESTER.

1. The Yellow Aster. By Iota.
2. Heavenly Twins. By Sarah Grand.
3. Drummond's Ascent of Man.
4. Kidd's Social Evolution.
5. Moore's Esther Waters.
6. Zola's Money.

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Drummond: The Ascent of Man.
2. Iota: A Yellow Aster.
3. Ruskin: Verona.
4. Children's Singing Games. (Nutt.)
5. Jackson: Theory and Practice of Design.
6. Kipling: The Jungle Book.

HULL.

1. A Yellow Aster. 6s.
2. Esther Waters. 6s.
3. The Million Library.
4. Hearth and Home Library.
5. The Heavenly Twins. 6s.
6. Black's Ed. Waverley Novels. 5 vols.

BRADFORD.

1. The Ascent of Man. Drummond. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. The Jungle Book. Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
3. Tales of the Yorkshire Wolds. Snowden. 3s. 6d. (Low.)
4. The Yellow Aster. Iota. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
5. Poems and Lyrics of Nature. 1s. Canterbury Poets.
6. Esther Waters. Moore. 6s. (Scott.)

SUNDERLAND.

1. The Yellow Aster. By Iota. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
2. The Ascent of Man. By Drummond. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder.)
3. Royal Academy Pictures. Parts and cloth. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)
4. In Varying Moods. By B. Harraden. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
5. Social Evolution. By B. Kidd. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)
6. Sunderland Notables, a Book of local Biographies. By W. Brockie. 7s. 6d. net. (Hills & Co.)

BURNLEY.

1. Ascent of Man. Drummond. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder.)
2. Esther Waters. George Moore. 6s. (W. Scott.)
3. A Yellow Aster. By Iota. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
4. Academy Pictures. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)
5. Big Game. 2 vols. 21s. (Longmans.)
6. Kidd's Social Evolution. 10s. net.

TAUNTON.

1. Yellow Aster.
2. Gale's Cricket Songs.
3. At the Sign of the Wicket.
4. Parish Councils Guide. Various.
5. Kipling's Jungle Book.
6. Temple Shakespeare.

EDINBURGH.

1. The Ascent of Man. By Professor Henry Drummond. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. Fair Maid of Perth. 2 vols. Border edition. 12s. (J. C. Nimmo.)
3. Religion of the Son of Man. By Rev. E. J. Gough. (Preachers of the Age.) 3s. 6d. (S. Low & Co.)
4. Evolution and Christianity. By Professor Iverach, D.D. 2s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
5. Social Evolution. By B. Kidd. 10s. net. (Macmillan & Co.)
6. The Yellow Aster. By Iota. Cheap ed. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

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1. The Ascent of Man. By Prof. Henry Drummond. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder.)
2. Historical Geography of the Holy Land. By Prof. G. A. Smith. 15s. (Hodder.)
3. Social Evolution. By Benjamin Kidd. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)
4. Help for the Common Days. By J. R. Miller, D.D. 2s. 6d. (Oliphant.)
5. The Jungle Book. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
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Bartlett's History of Wimbledon.
Golf, Badminton, second-hand.

APEL'S LIBRARY, HASTINGS.

Old works or documents relating to Hastings.
Ascanio, Ingenué, The Corsican Brothers } by Dumas. Clean copies, cheap.

JAMES ATKINSON, ULVERSTON.

Francis: Book on Angling, 1872.

EDWARD BAKER, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Moore: The Alps in 1864, £4 offered.
Primitive Methodist Magazine, vols. 1 to 50, or long run.
Nightmare Abbey, in boards, 1818.
Freemasonry, Books and Pamphlets before 1820.
Bradshaw's Railway Guides, paper covers, before 1845.
Confessional Unmasked.

WILLIAM BANCROFT, NORTHWICH.

Lang, A.: Blue Fairy Book.
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Dingley's (Thos.) History from Marble, 2 vols., Camden Society.
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Sibly's Medical Mirror, 1794.
Art Magic.
Percy's Reliques, 3 vols., 1765.
Thorpe's Northern Mythology.
Lucian, trans. by Spence, 1684-5.
American Gynec. Soc., 1879-91.
James' Book of Spurs.
Newman's Lives of the Saints, 14 parts.
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Valpy's Shakespeare, 15 vols.

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" Siberia in Asia.
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Poetical Works of D. M. Moir, ed. by Thos. Aird, 2 vols. (Blackwoods).
Clarke's Steam Engine and Boilers, 4 vols. (Blackie).
Portfolio, vol. 3, 1872.

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Annals of Sporting, vol. 13.

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Vicar of Morwenstow, B. Gould, 1876.
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Arnold: Song Celestial, any edition.
Catalogue of Caldecott Exhibition, 1888.
Waugh: Travels in Lake Country, 1882.
" Lancashire Sketches, 1881.
" Chimney Corner, 1883.
" Poems and Songs, 1883.
That Boy of Norcott's, 1869.
Moore: Alps in 1864.
Coaching, any books.
Strickland: Queens of England, vols. 10, 11, and 12.
Old World Idylls, 1882.
Leaves from Journal of Life in the Highlands, 4to, red cloth, 1868.
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Shadows of the Clouds, by Zeta.
Axon: Smallest Books in the World.
Appeal to Clergy of the Church of Scotland, pamph. pub. at 3d. (Blackwood), 1873.
Through Flood and Flame, 3 vol. novel.
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Charnock: Biographia Navalis, 6 vols.

P. S. KING & SON, 12 & 14, KING STREET, WESTMINSTER.
Scargill-Bird: Guide to Documents in Public Record Office, 1891.
Brewer, C.: History of Germany.
Nicholls, G.: History of Poor Law—English, Irish, and Scotch.

A. LINSKILL, LIBRARIAN, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, SCARBOROUGH.
Farm and Home, vols. 1, 7, 8.
Gardening, illus., vols. 9 to 13.
Cassell's Magazine, Oct., 1873.

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